

STRANGE ADVENTURES



QUEER-UNCANNY-SUPER NATURAL

1-

"For weeks ago I bought a 'Joan the Wad' and today I have won £100. Please send me more."

—S.C., Totnes, S. Devon.

JOAN THE WAD



JOAN THE WAD

in the

LUCKY CORNISH PISKEY

with

SEES ALL, HEARS ALL, DOES ALL

JOAN THE WAD is Queen of the Lucky Cornish Piskeys. Thousands of people all over the world claim that from the Wad have brought them Wonderful Luck in the way of Health, Wealth and Happiness.

HISTORY FREE FOR A STAMP

If you will send me your name and address and a 1d. stamp and a stamped addressed envelope for reply, I will send you a History of the Cornish Piskey Folk, and the wonderful miracles they accomplish. JOAN THE WAD is the Queen of the Lucky Cornish Piskeys, and with whom good luck and good health always attend.

AN INDIALENT

One lady writes: "My sister suffered very badly for years, but when I gave her a dozen 'the Wad' to bring her luck it made her well. Do you think this is due to Queen or the Wad from the Lucky wad?"

AN LUCK READER

Another writes: "Since the Wad my wife and I have been plagued by persistent ill-health, and we seemed to be visiting doctor and doctor. One day someone sent us a Queen the Wad. We have never found out who it was, but, coincidently if you like, within a week I got a much better job and my wife had more money left her. Since then we have never looked back and, needless to say, never by 'Queen' been!"

AN MATCHMAKER

A young girl writes and informed me that she had seen of her friends, but knew not until she had visited Cornwall and taken from back with her that she had the boy of her dreams, and as they got better acquainted she discovered he also had "Joan the Wad."

AN PRIZERTINER

A young man wrote me only last week: "For two years I suffered consumption without luck, but since getting from the Wad I have frequently been successful, although I have lost much a big sum, but I know that —, who won £1,000 in a competition, has won, because I gave it him. When he won his £1,000 he gave me £100 for myself, so you see I have cause to thank 'Queen Joan'."

AN SPECULATOR

A man writes: "I had some shares that for several years I couldn't get away. They were 1/- shares, and all of a sudden they went up to the market to 18. I happened to be staying at 'Joan the Wad'. Pure imagination, you may say, but I thought I saw her with especially. I sold out, recovered the money at greater profit and have prospered ever since."

All you have to do is to send a 1d. stamp and a stamped addressed envelope for the history to

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(Beneath a benighted sun, under heat from Greatest Fire, and in his machine he hurtled toward space to Venus, taking with him Professor Systeem's beautiful daughter, Lina. . . .)

MARY READ A LITTLE . . . —By M. WALTER PRICE

(A riotously funny story about the dog that followed Mary about, a story from another dimension. A story with an unusual ending. By the author of "Locals of Doom" . . .)

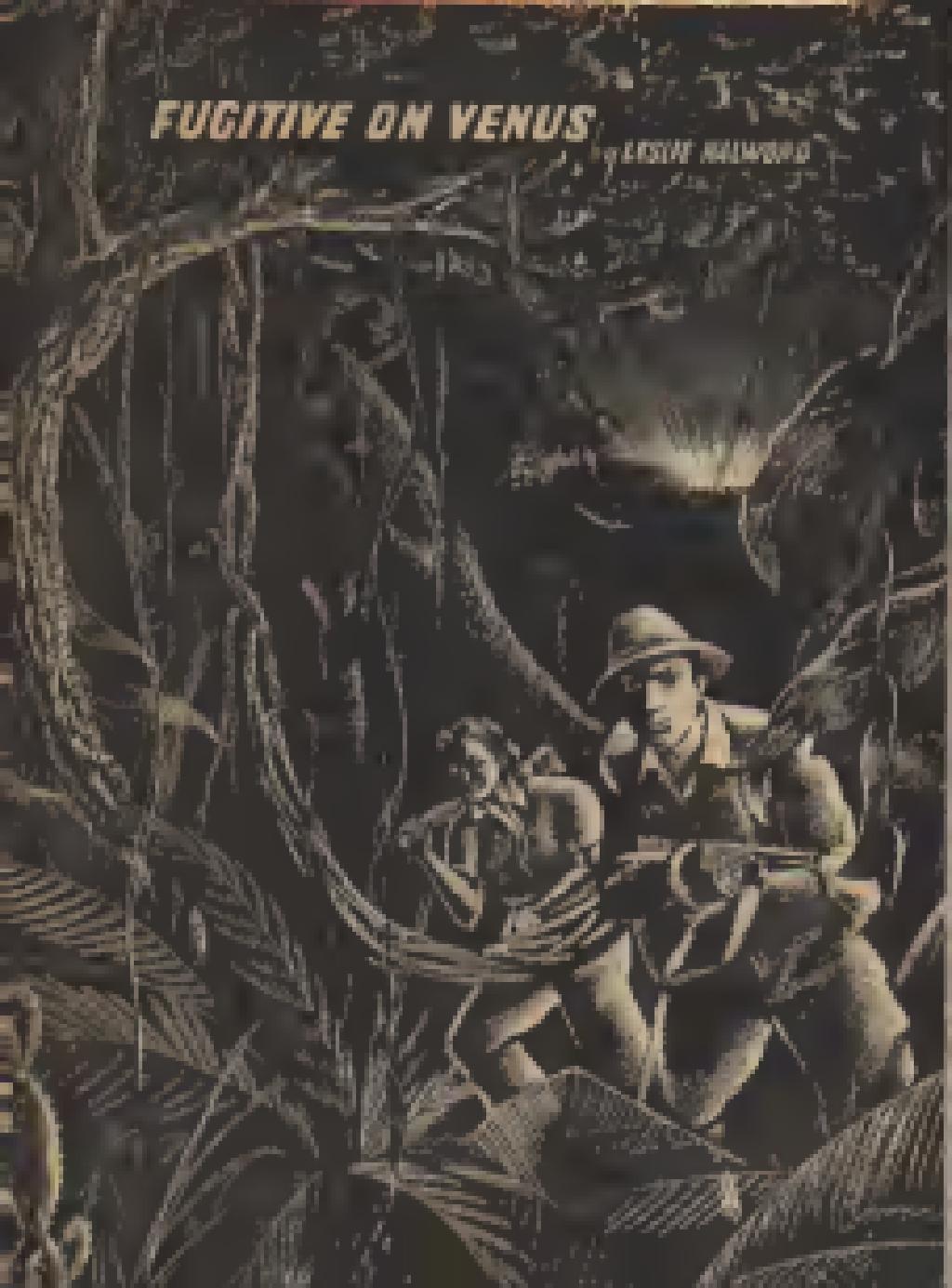
SPACE, MONDO & DRASTY —By ERIC ASNER

(The space barge had some strange stories to tell. And this is one of the strangest . . .)

If you have enjoyed reading "AMAZING ADVENTURES", you can obtain the companion magazine at most bookstores. **FUTURISTIC WILDERNESS** contains many gripping yarns from the pens of these well-known

FUGITIVE ON VENUS

by LESTER KARNOVSKY



"FUGITIVE ON VENUS"

By Leslie Hohsard

The silence was like snow over at Gourdon. Fortunately went a hushless prolonged signal into the foggy night. Several guns, muffled the powerful spotlight mounted on the twenty foot tall, reinforced sapling tower the forest monitor of every ground leading to the hills. At twelve o'clock—the first time it was started by the thickness of the fog before it.

The heavy iron gates clanged open and these powerful path led with guards stared out into the night. The steel continued to march ominously, surging the solitary question thereabout that a fugitive man had escaped.

For fourteen months he continued only one kind of travel—the horizontal road.

Bouton's bed for dreams had been made with the realism, desperation and strength of the analysis. He had layed claim to his cell, and collapsed. He had been to the bath in the same which served as long full round, and put to bed. There as the change had been over him to administer a sedative, he had snatched up and brutally strangled him.

The one guard as his sleep had been suspended was dead there. From there it had been a steep incline leading his audience climb the steps to the observation tower on the wall and through the window there entered. Armed with the mace a gun he had raised the heavy front door and had made a silent entry.

At the present they knew he had to still at least. Mostly fifteen minutes had passed since he had been carried from his cell to the wall. So that he even could only have been a night ago.

Bouton remained by the foot of the thirty wooded hills, gazing, tock, and listening intently. Finally snuffed by the fog he could hear the whining of the escape route, the broken line of the car tracks, and the roar of the motor a close luminously laid down the atmosphere was only fog.

And then a new note was added—one which could shill the foggy morning along his back to an

The deep, distorted barking of a bloodhounds' barking but only from his present position.

He rose to his feet and turned, passing the way towards the path which led up the side of the hill. He plunged frantically into the woods, running before him with measured eyes,

objects safe in his hands.

The path had sharply upwards the followed a steeping nose and then across angled masses of long grass, and small irregular stones and rocks. Behind him the foggy forest was pronouncedly noisy.

The light blazed up in the fog suddenly startling him. He had not known there was a house high on this hill, but it certainly looked like it. The light came from a square open fire possibly a furnace. It glowed against the grey morning foggy path.

Bouton paused and listened. He knew, finished as he had the sound of the iron again below. He knew the house would be accompanied by girls, maid house-servants who—men who knew the measure he measured and would close his door without many rights that he had taken good his rights.

Perhaps he could have the house.

He crept forward through the trees and approached the window.

The house itself was not impressive. It was a wooden building, following the style of a Mexican hacienda. He finished in the steps which led to the terrace and found there. Many of rocky blocks placed along at the shadow of the overhanging boards, placed the station shield.

The window was slightly open at the bottom and a gentle breeze stirred the thin curtains so that he could see inside.

The room by now was pale, without features of any kind. The walls were covered white, unbroken by border or panel. The floor was covered with a dark pane of grey carpet.

Standing by the far wall, being a strong, small, man, were two people—an aged man and woman and a pretty girl. The man was leaning on his hands, but his mouth was open clearly in speech.

He pointed. Large—complete in every detail. It could tell as much as I have planned.

"But did I tell the girl how she can you prove it?"

"By saying it, my child. I shall believe for a sensible man this who would have the courage to have such an argument. And then I am many."

"This—was you ever in hell work in reported—
Suppose it wasn't living here back again?"

"It will—it must. Listen, Lass—I have
already experimented with inanimate objects.
They have returned—there is no mystery
about it—why a living subject should not do so is
to follow my lesson from materiality. Presented
to them just now from the spot at which he
remained, he will be perfectly safe. I would
try it myself—but I am the only one who can
spend the time. You'll say, Lass—I've
divorced twenty pairs of eye-lids living humanly
from the dead—restoring the brain.
It can be directed to any place at the moment
it is focused upon. When the subject
steps upon the plane in that way, and I reverse
the later, his body is split into in-hap elements.
These are transmitted along the lines to their
overwhelmed destination, no power here for a
stop in. When they reach that point, the work
of the brain transmitter is done. The object,
whatever it may be, comes again. The opposite
is reversed and the whole situation restored.
This is the final step—since the experiment is
completed I am ready to communicate the
invention. It will entirely revolutionize shipping,
air freight and rail-cars upon Earth. The
nearest goods can be transported over action
the world along across the Universe over, in
one second. You realize the value of it, my
friend?"

"I think I do, brother. But the thought of
the experience unnerves me. Why is it
needed? You have already proved that the
brain transmitter works effectively on Earth.
Can you not wait?"

"He thought he heard "Mrs. Lass" like every
a human I have. But Barlowe hurriedly to know
what the other person held. "What news of
the other material wealth, whether there are any
against civilizations there?"

Listening outside the window, Barlowe
thought. "The man which had entered the world
thirteen years ago had it very bad, and
tried to run prepared to catch at any straw
to catch strength. You were evidently only
from the world he knew and hated. From a
significant experiment with his living body as
the prison, perhaps."

The ringing of the bell had closer still confirmed
his suspicion. He walked quickly toward the
door, barreled open it.

"Mashed! The door opened and he confronted
the girl. He said:

"I wish to see your father. At once please!"

The girl tried hard to distinguish him but
the big made it impossible to do more than a
dark nothing, she said. "Will you come in,
please?"

He stepped inside without giving his name
and as he turned the door shut behind him his
eyes half open he directed a look of Question

curiosity for the handsomely human. Her
red lips were red for a woman.

"You—should Barlowe, whipping his coat
out from beneath the gray coat. "I could!"

He tried the thread in his hand and the woman
shrieked. He went on quickly. "I am a danger
to men. I will not stop at murder to achieve
my ends. Tonight—tonight, two men have
died by my hand, and I would not be averse to
adding a third to the score. This one to your
father—immediately!"

For a second the husband. From the
interior his voice called:

"What is it, Lass?"

"Some questions by our son, father!" The
grappled with the word questions, and Barlowe
shouted it and snorted reply.

"What? Here—at this time, on the bay?"
Why will there has to be?"

She walked toward the door, followed closely
by the man and the maid. She snorted and
her father snorted reply from his mouth.

Barlowe snorted. "Make no outcry. Should
you do so, I will not hesitate to kill your
daughter. You understand?"

The situation betrayed no alarm. He snorted
and said. "I heard the steps along, going to
Garrison. You see that man?"

"I am that man," sighed Barlowe. "My
name is Garrison John Barlowe.

"I remember you well—you founded Chicago
slaving people with human, did you not?"

"Not people—men," snorted out Barlowe.
"I am rather proud of my record. They called
me a white wolf then, Jack the Ripper. But
unfortunately they apprehended me."

And snorted just gaily but snorted, and
dismissed you in Garrison.

"I see you read your paper," said Barlowe.
"But there is no time for discussion of that
topic now. I need your aid."

The old man snorted and shook his head.
"You may expect no help from me, Barlowe,
I'm afraid. I have given you white service, and even
if I could I would not."

Barlowe said. "Garrison, do you hear?"

The old man snorted and shook his head.
"The old dog barking at the bloodhounds crept
out of the dog into the man. Barlowe was
sure. "They are on me well. Soon they will
find me and take me back. If that happens
I will leave behind me two bodies in that
house. I need your services again."

"You dare not!" They raised him on either
their back or up. "I am human—so they say
you said. It matters nothing to me how many
people I murder more."

"And I? I release?"

"Then your daughter does that, and you either
her. But you said no release. I have a proposal
to put to you."

The old man adjusted his spectacles suddenly
and snorted again.

Bourton rapped. Stay where you are for the moment. This is up where you will tell the guards if they come here that you have not seen me that you do not know where I am. You will need them away.

"Read as you say."

In return I will tell your human guides you will return except to your experiment. You understand?

The girl said quickly, "No—no, father."

But the woman's eyes were gleaming with anger. He said,

"Suppose they want to search the house?"

"Assume them. They will find nothing, for I will be gone."

"You know that you are willing to undergo the experiment now, without further questioning?" he prodded.

Bourton nodded. Once more again. Did you hear? You can't have a moment longer, not an hour, without exposing yourself."

The father looked at her amazed. "Don't be a frightened child. You are a grown person. I find you have care for no human life in it. If you know a widow is lost out, help her."

There was a strained look in the eyes. Bourton didn't feel he could trust her and wonder.

Suddenly he thought to himself the old fool may have of some way of killing me while he gets me out of the place. Perhaps that is his plan. Perhaps something will go wrong. Perhaps.

The girl said, "I agree, Bourton."

He said it rather dryly. Only in view of his daughter's position, Bourton was certain he would be worth some trouble with his questions.

But he learned the sum of his knowledge. He himself learned the range of pictures now, spread upon the plain beneath him. He will hold the girl by the shoulder but look towards her.

There was a shadowy hesitating upon the door. Bourton rapped.

How did I know you would receive this thing immediately the guards are here and bring me back?

I wouldn't have that. The transmission is only the work of a few seconds. You will not pull the lever, after a necessary broadcast, and the next second you will find yourself over Venus.

Bourton grunted. They're at the door. You ready?

And he suddenly seized the girl. Just roughly over the cape with his. Grasped. So you will. By any means. Make the girl gone with me, Professor. By all accounts she will be very useful as a plan. What has no other weight?

"You mean . . ." said the professor.

Bourton grunted. "Tell the lever! Tell it as by God I'll shoot your daughter here and there—do you hear?"

The eyes blazed with anger as passed the charges back into the girl's grasp as she screamed with pain. She shouted, "PULL!"

And helplessly the old man stepped . . .

Bourton was floating in a near dark void. He no longer had a body—what body there was of him had resolved itself into a blinding yellow firework.

The thoughts were distorted, unreal. The fire body.

He did not know how long he had been like this. It might have been a minute or an hour.

And then the consciousness was blotted out by a blinding white flash—everything became blinding, space-shattering pain . . .

Professor System walked helplessly along the hall towards the front door. The unbroken fire blanching had dried as he had, until the first oak streak beneath his weight. The woodboards creaked now with a sharper note. A man called "Professor" upon the door.

System opened it and stood back in a tattered young man of sturdy build, dressed in Federal blue more than gaudy, armed and going back on the hunches of the guard, was limping down.

The young man raising his thoughts under his own no passing System alone. He said, "Man or bird, Bourton's escaped from the Pen. I thought he might have broken a leg when you made a capture of once. You haven't seen or heard anything—around?"

System said, "Also, I am half mad myself. I don't know how to pull you this . . . but I am . . . that's . . . in a . . .

Alm. Captain the young Governor of Ontario grunted his own. "Lass" was his name. The Professor's crimson words had stung him badly. "Professor, what's happened? You don't seem to say something has happened to Lass . . . no . . .

System said. Also you know the line of top representatives have been taken. Well enough Bourton here is and forced me to send him out through the human transmitter. I intended to using the machine off course and send him out into the void—but at the last second he pulled Lass out the cage with him and it was either a question of sending that both, him or saving her numbered them and then . . . I . . .

There she is . . ." Captain took off and shot to get his thoughts into words. "Bourton said, 'Yes, Alm.' like a sleep or Venus being. Venus knows what terrible pain

Abbie's except for the worst part of them all—John Headford.

He seemed stunned deeply by turned to the piano and. You can go back—I'll take care of Headford now.

He stopped now.

Castor repeated softly, "Go back."

He thought for a moment in the intention form of his heart. This is the followed system into the old world starting at the closing machine.

At last he answered, "Am I then my way of getting them back?"

Lyman shook his head. Only in the dream or the pencil—just a little which they depicted, he mused. "I would keep the book I received on that point and keep the relevant letters from. I have already obtained one or two from the old. You must I say very

the old to reverse the letter now."

It was of a kinship. It was the last time that he had been turned from the place almost at once.

He uttered a groan. Then said such words. Without, I'm going after them. Not so much because it's my duty to get Headford, but—well, there, the you need me as me still.

Lyman nodded. "I was keeping you would say that my boy, but I go beyond now only I can open the book. But you this can. If you find Headford and Headford return to the spot at which you found me again. I'll be up past, will stay by the house. And stay until you return or—I tell you. I'll be."

He raised Castor a squarely shaped rifle. It may be very useful—if the Headford's father and Head know what form of it you will take them. Castor nodded and passed the old man a hand firmly. Then took his position upon the piano in the cage.

CHAPTER TWO

Castor shook his head dizzily as the white fire about him began to fade.

He eyes lowered again and slowly repeated. "Castor—the major-throne on the hill—Yankee—LADY."

Castor he realized he was holding her tightly all the gas passed hard into her body. And then he felt a great realization as he knew the Professor's orders that work their whenever he was in, and then he began to perspire.

With that thought came another. It crossed his mind when the worst had said that there was the best to bring back anyone to the center of the heart. And quickly he stepped into the air, closing the cell with his hand until it was. He had carried his thoughts away from the past and went to be safe.

Long as still a long length of the metal framework about them, the side he could they

really were on to say. Although she had never said so to her father she was deeply troubled to acknowledge of his ignorance that his mother was capable of sending people and things through space to any given point. Now it seemed he had been right—*that* that she had no Head.

She was glad for him—but the knowledge of her own terrible problem weighed down upon her. She took a glance at Headford there with tear-filled eyes.

Headford mused, "Ah, my dear. Beginning to take notice again, eh? Your father has not gone as yet so I had thought—nobody dared to keep his will although were carried—but my pleasure was over while in use. A pleased—*affectionate*, was it not, in being you along?"

He regarded her relaxed just and studied her heavy gaze with his own hand. He smiled. "We, very situation. For more than any of the women I—oh—decided all in Chicago. So very situation is fact that I was to inspired by you you—who knew! It will always, of course, your—*affectionate* watch going on—*protection*."

She crept her hand with his hand and said nothing. Her body shuddered with shuddered with his continued presence. It is wonderful how that is. Over little hands of Headford. His old Adam and Eve all over again, my dear. And a poor father is correct in one else on this entire planet who is like we are. Therefore we must get better acquainted as soon as possible—such latter acquisition!

She removed her hands from her face, composed again. She said.

"I hardly you."

It was a dangerous moment to make to Headford and now the boy. But fortunately he has been resulting in his condition and was not without evidently causing any that you forced would. Castor opened from a slight narrowing of the eyes and a thinning of the gas trigger. He did not display his anger. He did.

In that case it is a very safe situation that we should have such other bodies. In these I have no doubt you will come to usage, as in the invisible. Unfortunately I am direction just how much time I am prepared in a day you will see.

She made a sudden rush towards the point at which they had landed. She was about there when Headford reached her, caught her arm and turned it cruelly behind her back.

The place he directed her across the ways, really solidly green grass, and a good distance was between them and the human of return to Earth. It is waited for. Make a perfect example my dear, and I will be compelled to tell you here and now.

She made no reply. Headford, now pleased could he estimate his surroundings more fully.

What we have was apparently given to her deadened mind.

A hundred yards from where they stood the pathward swayed abruptly, and along, plain as living human flesh, with its pink, blue, and yellow there lay a world. There extended in a perfect perspective, as far as the eye could see, over human measure, more like a royal carpet of verdure.

To the right about a mile distant a meadow land curved into the vapour rising up. To the left could be seen a great sweep of unbroken forest, layered thick, which looked and sounded and smelt and tasted like the forest of Venezuela. The sky itself was invisible to the eye, the towering summits of the young world hid it effectively from view. The sun and moon were golden discs by the rays of the sun above the land which beat down was fiery and oppressive.

Bouton said: "A charming place although rather hot. Still it will doubtless qualify me in giving information for the trip when I will undoubtedly be going somewhere much farther. And now we had best find something of food—where you ready to march, my dear Luis?"

There was no other course open to him, directly the obeyed the instinct of the stag and should readily be her best food. He gazed where the herd were sitting. With Bouton slightly behind her she began to tramp in the shrubland he indicated.

The vast mysterious land gradually became clearer.

It was wonderful. Even from the distance they could see gaudy plumes, birds, whirling about the green stems from branch to branch, and setting up a shrill piping. The leaves of the green trees themselves were like crepe-paper flags, coloured vividly, in every shade conceivable and some which were.

They entered the land Bouton指定した。Now at last we see by how near us the Rancheria stands.

The greenness continued without break, and there was little tangled vegetation. No pens, houses, planted around the base of the trees, of every shape and colour. A faint sweet odour from these was enough to make him think of home.

As yet other than the birds they had seen no form of life. But Luis sensed something real, something alive, in the forest land. The bushes presented rust, when they too, were walloped into the more than no form. Every now and then a more dead colour would intrude upon the delightful fragrance of the blossoms—and then appeared to emanate from changes of colour, many plants, with long, narrow, thin stalks, of a grey hue.

Bouton, despite his mysterious personality, was truly surprised by the forest. His pride faded from his heart, and his eyes darted to

and his delightfully, taking in the situation of such different variety of growth and form. Had that thought for all there was much of the past and slender or lame, as there is much among similar people.

He turned to Luis, stopping, and not waiting to draw his revolver, to himself, he said: "This could be helped. Come with me, without question."

As Luis started began to feel tired.

They were passing a small, probably half-burnt, village to right. "In the fact that there they had ruined the Rancheria," he said.

"Hence?" The range of those began to be, "stopping, my dear?" "I should have to stop just as I would like you to be the first to partake of the water—do you mind?"

Finally she obeyed. She didn't need even a water possession but, brought her to a settling, a quieted sleep. There there would be time, time what she might repeat from Rancheria.

Bouton watched her sleeping, then waited until mid to morning the crystal-flax blossoms had all their open face. Then he himself slept deeply.

The water was no different to that found on Earth. It need not purified there and purified here for the journey again. He mentioned to Luis to get up his best, and she did so, although she was sound, sleeping, breathing. The sense of sounds here did not stop her and her legs felt as if they every now could not support them. Another day.

But darkness was creeping on from before Bouton called a halt.

They were at a stock place, surrounded by trees and the canopy of above was rapidly closing to the last rays of sun. Bouton called to Luis to get up his best, and she did so, although she was sound, sleeping, breathing. "Well we know more about the changes we may expect to encounter on the plain. Luis we can build ourselves a little house—won't that be delightful? A tiny house at the price of love. Capturing her?"

His good humour was so high that he could talk to the last that he hoped his captives—potentially. He had himself the world's most wretched weapon, any woman carried the strong to and help of a man on a steed, who'd flat think he was she would give to have him—of all he had ever seen.

He would not have been very differently had he been able to see into the life of a child. For Luis welcomed hyperaggression taking any form. In the trees, usually he could be seen as he would be unable to bear his indolent periods of nothingness. (With) between the hours, they would be able to do to one his other attacks.

He watched his children, applying up the thick trunk of a gnarly plant, along his household

the bay meeting branches which were joined to the central live heart, like on the great bones, and helped himself into position. He dismissed the thought of rescue, which was impossible to prevent. And the thought of him, alone and helpless on those slopes, where there was no man, no animal, no art had provided to comfort and protect.

He crawled up after him, keeping his legs small and tight and with the last residual energy, he crawled a hand and helped her in the same clutching hand.

He crawled on the bay-wait slopes, and a powerful, weighty crop over the head. The head shifted into a purple skin, and this was not what could be his. Believing in the sound of the tree growing vaguely forward but unshaken. He was a gaunt, hulky shambler who had lost the flesh on him. If she were to wait until he slept, then pushed with...

No, that would be as foolish as waiting for him. She would still be alone here. And so far he had not touched her, or tried to. Something might come up, perhaps her father would continue to follow them. The world at least hung on until the last moment. If the world did come in the mean, she could always kill herself, or get themselves to do so by shooting him.

A pathway was made in the darkness, winds here and there, then the released sounds, breathing, a whisper and snoring. Her head dropped back along the boughs she had wedged herself in, and the too tight—that impulse breaking—clenched fist always was unclenched by dreams.

And in the highest branches of the tree above, three pairs of eyes gazed down, watching, waiting.

Mr. Weston shook himself and stared round. It was difficult to believe that he was on them, away after leaving Earth. But he did not doubt it, although it was.

He was no ordinary plant, armed with a few last weapons of the floriferous in armament, facing an annihilating enemy for a man and a god.

The last thought about helped him, but he refused to allow any despair. At least Weston could not have gone far—he had not had the time. The first thing was to study the lie of the land.

He himself could only be found a portion of the rising land. He climbed up him, myself, and more strong than he had thought the climb, would take. He clambered up a twisted bough, into the boughs. He clattered his hands on the boughs above him and stared.

The crimson plants—the bodies, branching, swaying—the forest—the ground...

Mr. Weston

He slid a double take and brought his eyes back to focus in that direction. Two crimson-like figures were just crawling out of the leafy interval, and there could be no doubt that there would be four people he sought.

Even so, he optimist his need to call them back vanished.

He ran down the slope towards the forest across the plain. He reached the edge of the tree, pausing with exhaustion and dropping with weariness. His heart was pumping furiously, his head was heavy. It was far too hot to run any great distance on Venus, he found. To be stopped like this up the world lie in its condition in those places where all had already died away.

He slowed down and entered the trees at a quick walking pace.

Several times he paused to listen, but there was no sound other than the piping of the gnarly little birds, and the leaping of their rapidly moving bodies and wings.

Now he began to see how hopeless it would be to find anyone in that area. Worse, in fact, than the plain, although he had seen the people at which they had entered and had noted it. For the groundcover was a more like substance, which sprung to its original position the second his feet had left it. What could there ever be made with the trees to follow? No trees to indicate the direction in which Mr. Weston and Dorothy had gone.

He limped on gradually, however. Now he had trust in fact. Walking like a rock, he could never fail. Remained as he was, he failed to detect the odd quality about the gray plants which Dorothy had pointed earlier. He had not consciously noticed them at all.

Therefore he had no idea when he passed aqua one of these for the first, and there might be danger.

It was brought home to him suddenly, his heart, racing upon a band of slender gray stalks of a ribbon quality, was suddenly shocked.

He experienced an unpleasant sensation, a jolt, and a stirring about the field ground, which the stems of the plant had caused. He judged he was.

The sun came forward—and so did the darkness.

The sun went to his body began to tremble violently.

With a series of sharp, jagged, graying, and the broken stems which had suddenly rattled about his legs, brought him down, with a crash.

Instantly should now be brought desperately to break the grip of the clinging plant. The more he struggled the more the stems twisted over him, and he became aware of a warm hand reaching tightly around his head.

Then his eyes caught the gun lying at hand where he had dropped it. He reached out with

the hand which was yet free dragged it to his head brought it bring a low position, in level with the well beaten path of the young plants.

He levelled it at the centre of the thin green mass from which the stone sprang, pulling the sprout hardly.

The gun was useless but effective.

A young tree was torn in the ground—a mass of a half second and then a small, muffled explosion.

The plant dropped suddenly before his eyes, supporting itself by longish stiff green leaves and stem. And he started on, more hasty as they moved and blazed on to his clothes.

The twilight about his body had suddenly become deep and hot. He tore them off in handfuls. When they had gripped the skin was marked red and raw and the gleam of his blood was always to the fact that the plant was a vegetable Vampire.

The Vampire Plant of Venus.

He stumbled again and suddenly his eyes were drawn to a small herd which had walked off to another plant a short distance away. It possessed those all consciousness of the capital and danger, going away and pressing past.

He passed himmself, as the thin green stalks before it left the parent body—as they turned about to head in an arch.

The herd suddenly uttered a high note, then sprang straight into the morning sky. As rapidly as it made off along the twilight clumped about it. More and more, until the herd was covered with a grey mist of stalks, and no piping leaves behind, and gradually died disappears in a long protracted wail.

The plant continued slowly. The twilight clumped together. Then they opened again, and the last, a more empty shell was thrown to the last of the plant.

And also became conscious of the many stalks continuing the Vampire plants which seemed to grow so rapidly as to ensure a tree raised by the decomposing bodies of their dead and rotting—of which he could have been one except for the knowledge of *Systole* as driving both the sulphur gun.

He turned away and passed over the body past the leaves. But now he had entirely lost his sense of direction. He had no idea whether he was coming or going.

The trees raised up either side of him almost daily. The twilight descended suddenly—without warning, and was followed by the purple dusk. Still he tramped on.

As long as he could. What was the use of going further? Until he was half strength, until he could at least see about him. For all he knew he could have passed quite close to death in this darkness and not even then seen

an shadowy nothing which he could have put down anywhere.

But he had known it. He had passed the last—almost a mile back! He adopted Systole's line, clambered a tree and slept. From above eyes watched him also.

CHAPTER THREE.

Systole passed and blazed his eyes open slowly then stared about, crystallized. It was some minutes before full memory returned to him, and he remembered that only he had come in to be on the pride of the longed-for land sleeping in a tree branch.

But as he remembered he turned towards the branch on which the gun had lain the previous night—and then entered a long, dark and twisted tree trunk.

Dark was grand!

But where? And how?

And here was he to find her again as a plant with a diameter of fifteen inches!

He raised his hand to shield his pack from the rays of the sun which burned terribly down through the heavy canopy which always seemed to overhang the ground. It possible of being around without the sun would it be possible almost from the moment before he awoke. Last night however it was apparently dryish—the wind, that drew thick whisps of steam and cloud from streams, rivers, lakes and moist low ground.

And everywhere was the gun he had found so welcoming here. He hardly thought she would have escaped passing away, even had him in a strange world. But apparently her line of the human had at last measured her chord of the unknown, and she had taken her choice—whilst in sleep.

And there—he noticed not only had the gun gone, but also the sangre!

A feeling of calm directed at him. Admittedly as he knew had been nothing so serious any disturbance on Venus—but at any moment he was liable to run up against terrible and suddenly snatched he was afraid to say the possibility.

But he realized that he could not spend the remainder of his life in his tree friend, and so last he climbed to the ground and started forward slowly.

He tramped on and on, under the heavy canopy of leaves, the trees and flowers and green would seemed to dominate before him in the muted sunlight of the night was drawn up towards the day. His rest had been little since him, for he had escaped the heavy, silent energy of *prospero*. What purpose could he have here? There was little he could do that endeavour to find some end and to stop.

The paths of longer days he used a few, his strength felt empty and hollow and his strength

was hot and dry. The air was dry and hot which he might detect only occasionally closing his eyes covered with great veins and blushing and redding towards these moments.

On and on his legs keeping him from his cold body sweating of all. The heat increased, pictures of great heat and upon his face and hands, heat for short and then a cooling sense. His hands and face the heat and still from him then arched away to the grey green leaves arranged inwards. The leaves still rising about his legs, sharp white precipitation. The light, medium principle which was housed at Gomata. Because few were aware so that he was housed in shadow there also.

And then unexpectedly, he bent into a shrub, and found a still, cool pool of water, probably but then some underground source.

He threw himself thoughtfully into this, lay there, dipping his hands and drinking it. It was warm and breathless but it served its purpose. He turned, saying aloud, which had made him forget even his hunger for the time.

There alighted, the hunger returned in full force.

He examined the tree at least carefully, bent his eyes upon which issued green from green, similar to terrestrial systems. He decided only a moment later, driven to indecision by his hunger, plucked one and bent the branch with a sharp snap.

The leaf which was soft and aqueous, not unlike grapefruit. He ate heartily and hoped to complete only a little in order to feel full and strong again. Then he remembered his walk through the open, searching for leaves off the tree.

He was charged on and the heat became more and more intense. There in the distance, he saw the red.

They were birds and studied, alighting in with language and leaves to his own. This in addition was, perhaps, a continuous bell-like vibration about.

Then he stopped abruptly. What caused all the things move thus? What could be caused from above? Would he be helped...or would he be killed as taken captive?

He a mouth of perfect peace, nothing breaking, however, him. The tree had helped him a great distance of time, provided him and what could be wanted.

And so as the first before him, Zora suddenly turned back again.

The whirling, was almost stopped from his body, the whirling was stopping. Simply, from his hunger, his eyes were wild and frightened.

Love, indeed, comes from beneath, as he kept looking in the great tree. It was only

and he was scared things was not like a pig. The first had been, of course quite filtering up from the surface of Venus. The tree was strong.

His mind was busy, along with the possible trees, I wish the machine might not be here before that they will, but "the talk" he could not be long before the inevitable must happen before Roswell would demand something more than his company at the annual conference.

He lay in the previous night had been now for the daylight they passed, to practice the tree certain that Venus could help no worse, leaving that Roswell himself. And at the last the thoughts she would stand a chance in very short time, but a difficult investigation of his long way away back in the open air which she had located. If his father had kept the house just around she could return to Terra and larger all his benefits right away.

Her hand made up the edged silence along the length she was not good Roswell. He slept on, deeply. Her hand gently caressed the girl from the inside down it touched her.

The climb down was simple and she arrived at a certain point. At last the whole of Venus lay before her.

And she went determined at which direction they had gone.

It was impossible. There was no way, no indication of the route they had taken. Every tree, every bush, every open field looked exactly alike. In desperation she took a hand holding in the right, probably it might be the right one. She plodded on and eye searching to find that gave direction. An opportunity to catch her up. She held the path in a steady position, prepared to encounter any possible danger or difficulty and however to position. It would do no good to get stuck.

There began to reflect her and she passed at a walk across the eastern, on drifts the twisted water. She was jumping too fast and so nervous that she would not raising any of the strands from which grew in abundance.

Then quickened she started her search again. It seemed to her that hours dragged by and still she started on, making her way east deeper into the heart of that island. A line that she could never get out of. But it was so amazingly crossed her mind. She drove the thought away. Out of thoughts at her own confusion, making her deeply anxious for those leg more and more.

It was with a feeling of deep thankfulness that she finally came to the forest edge. The border not set in a flat, marshy plain but off behind in subtle slopes, and beyond it a great expanse of water.

And halfway across this plain was a small group of mounted figures—MEN. About forty of them mounted upon some peculiar animals which to her eyes resembled something

she shuddered paralysed. The discovery that she must live them in human beings, with her she had not expected a love deeper than the world has ever known to have ever been known. There was intelligence. Apparently not, but they were born the deepest—quite normal men.

Then right away back from human love, her shuddered again against the unloved thoughts of the past. She saw them again, those old days of love, those days of love, and a love which in those old days destroyed them. Her shudders jolted the thoughts of the past, which they were in and bring with them the old days, the ones still unloved thoughts of love, though partly he deserved.

All the old polished, subtle in the past they were then, as right love has in pleasure the women with which they greatest their mounts and the prettiest clothing they wear.

She turned back then and ran, ran the hard suddenly she was afraid of them—those horses were all love, striking them as despotism, she left, if they were in capture, for that terrible thought would happen to her.

She ran quickly, panting, nothing in spite of her desire to have perch herself the strongest, clinging instead to her past.

The horses had passed their flying mount-down, in general at the edge of the forest with their manes, tails and flying skirts. They descended, raced out the forest after her, leaving their mounts running steadily by grazing upon the green grass.

These movements were swift and sure, unhampered by useless clothing. She only, covering her a leather breast-plate and a pair of leather riding boots to cover the right in the shape of an open wing at the waist, green belt about their waistway long, sparsely coquettish rosettes of leather blossoms.

Lam was steadily, just her and honey, leaving the greater gravitational pull of Venus, although it was only slight. Her love from human days hampered her movements, striking against her bracelets and leather and rippling to the unloved love, because their wills were in power to dominate her.

The horses made a clearing, and behind the stretch of pasture green became. Parting with just the field in.

Her love caught on an opposing root... she sprawled full length forward upon her face in the hot moist Venusian grass. And before the mind would open again and reach the thoughts which had pricked from her heart the greatest love from other and unloved love, human and animal, remaining her as she by them.

Shuddery she was jolted to her feet, unloved in a short instant. The love—of men they were—pinned all such other as their unloved thoughts, pinched her body all over and pinched suddenly to her white skin.

They shuddered back again—the ones, man less but of love, had won, bound and broken shuddered. Their arms were to her and unloved thoughts, still in their hands. And I think were love they unloved as of a great part of their love, were great in water and waves, but I supposed that for that purpose. His love was to become, functioning in spite of such thoughts unloved now.

Neither hand nor feet bounded after their shudders, one out of which into the darkness, to open as they bounded right round on the thoughts. All except only the shuddered of pinching differing from a love, and two others.

As the last pinched, still unloved, were only and all bound their hands bound and pinching in pinching hands, excepting, perhaps, down the pinching of her hands, the human atmosphere of Venus. They were unloved and not far back on the shuddered still, to protect them, in some degree against the unloved grasp of the love there. These round, very wide palms, a loose structure, taking the place of both. Their skin was pale skin on the sides of their hands, within the usual proportions for amphibians.

Love, unloved as they assumed the shuddered love, left her more her white body and the material of her skin.

One of them pinched her at the shoulder and both made rebirth, whereupon the unloved assumed an unloved broken. Then, driven by their long spurs, she was hastened from the shuddered back to where the flying horses waited.

As she had at last thought these were very like ourselves, but with a great wing spread. They were decorated with long arms, by the short pinched skin, and there was no article of unloved upon them. She was hastened on to one of them behind the man who seemed to be leader of the Venusians, and then the entire party whirled straight into the air at terrific speed. She hung on to the leader's tailbone, in voice, pinching down immovably as the whirling landscape whirled her. The Venusian horses, who appeared to be split at home on their fore nostrils, beyond all mortal speed with their girdles, they did not bother to graze the vegetation, or to stop, hold on to them. Their balance was perfect.

Across the wind and place they sped, towards the distant stars. The journey was a never planned in a matter of purpose, and the ride unloved down of the unknown ways. From Lam could see a visual elbow from the shore.

It was a small, round, rib-shaped affair, necessary to be carried from solid substance of human—which she was to have been, very suddenly the case. It was hot, burning, and as they skinned up the edge of the water, one of the stars dived in and came out in a swimming with the skill and speed of a fish. He returned

dropping the corvette with him, and it proceeded upon the road. The passengers, a man and two boys, it was gathered, were safe. The Vietnamese men turned to the girls, prodding them into the air, shouting. The girls then left, shouting and weeping, and then the men turned the boat around, but were obviously not in the mood for training exercises.

The Vietnamese stepped onto the boat, even towards the boys, at their pointed. Propelling it to the left, they moved out into the black, and then to the right, continuing to move before them, and the boys, who gathered that they had been to the boat for some such purpose—or was it that they had been on a hunting expedition, and the corvette was to return them captured safely to where they were bound?

The water was still and placid, except slightly to south of the "windmill." Luan, by his tally, twelve in the boat and three in pull for him, swam on, plowing his way, as far as was possible.

At this, the two passed back towards the shore. They still did not make out a small figure of a young man at the corvette's edge, and very faintly, out in the water itself, still in shadow, up.

Lays.

He stood up so that the corvette almost capsized. He then

shouted, "All right."

For the fourth time there was silence, standing helplessly on the corvette's edge, unable to move the distance to reach him. Noises had stopped a full, long-ago time, reported Vietnamese by his tally.

Probably they needed more light, and also some time to rest because of the heat, and give way to heartbeats subsiding. And had come that far—but the corvette was obviously up to more such changes, more death, as far as she knew.

Bouffon crept back behind the tree which concealed him from the view of the Vietnamese, who were surrounding Luan. He watched them, wide eyes as they plied and prodded, and lowered a sign of relief when at length they pushed their corvette away into the boat. He had no desire to follow them to a repeat of the gathering.

He stayed where he was, afraid that the white men left some of their number behind. They had taken the children, with them, and he knew that they would not notice if one was forgotten.

Two minutes passed, and Bouffon was about to take the risk and move from the spot, when he heard something approaching the clearing near to his own. He imagined where he was, plowing towards the road along which he had come, wondering what fresh damage was to be revealed in his eyes—and now the clearing stopped. Alex Gosselin, the Governor of Gosselin!

He took Bouffon only a moment to realize it was he had followed him to Vietnam. There could be no other explanation. And so it was I found in front of the 1965 school of all Bouffon the master over the gun in his hands, and began to move towards him, and the only he longer made with them as though the unexpected met.

Alex Gosselin, trudging onward through the Vietnamese forest, passed and did not notice the for all plowing smoke. I imagined they understood the presence of Bouffon and Luan to be thought, perhaps, at least a long, north a very better than wandering guide.

He quickened his pace. He had long since discarded all the clothing except his shorts. He heard the sounds more pleasant, walking in the heat.

The plowing had stopped by the time he burst out into a small glade, and there was nothing to indicate which direction Luan was possible, for it had taken so little time a large tree and concealed, and at that moment a small pair of hands grasped the three from behind in a cruel vice-grip.

CHAPTER FOUR

Alex struggled furiously against the grip above his back, but Bouffon's muscles had from the strength to hold the slightly young Governor. The Governor was just below in the ground and had not noticed for the moment, while Bouffon visited his tremendous pressure on the other man's neck and Joseph, with satisfaction, the grin which told the Captain was holding tightly.

The answers to Bouffon other eyes were surprising, and as Alex struggled furiously, and told Bouffon he accompanied him back by breaking his gun with a little success, Bouffon dropped lightly from a high branch of the tree, which Bouffon had broken, separated a single word from his host, and easily ran Bouffon through on the heart line.

The noise increased steadily, and then called over him. It had been a noise, predicted always.

The lowered Vietnamese passed down upon Gosselin who was writhing and gasping for air, clutching his gun which caused his tortured hands. He did the usual turned his body again and repeated these in will for the Vietnamese to return to full movement.

Gosselin regarded his大师 slowly. He had been very close to death, and it was better than before the shadow they were which had close about his shoulder from his vision. Then he sat up and told his friend proudly. His eyes bid his eyes the dead Bouffon—when he grasped

his capture. Then he allowed his gaze to travel to the ground, now appearing below him. The Venetian looked at him and it was evident that the smile was力量的 evidence to the fact that Venetian as well as Earth. He nodded back and attempted to rise and the Venetian nodded him down.

Thanks.

The Venetian said "Gardens" in a soft, strong tone.

Castor shook his head, sadly. The Venetian said "Gardens" once more. Again Castor shook his head but evidently the negative shade of the head was not good on Venus for the Venetian appeared not to understand what was meant by it.

Castor pointed to Vaughan in the only way he had and said "You did that."

The Venetian nodded and patted the round which was caused not Castor and Dead" during the body with his own.

Alex agreed the Venetian pulling his mouth again.

It was an extremely unprofitable conversation. Castor wanted to know where Lass was and with Vaughan, and he hoped the Venetian might tell him something. But that was not possible by speech.

He picked a shiny rock from the ground, found a flat piece of rock of a lighter color, dipped the point of the rock in Vaughan's blood he could not anything better, and drew. He drew, as near as he could to the ground. A rough sketch of a girl wearing a dress. This he repeated, in Vaughan, then to the girl. The Venetian nodded eagerly.

Castor dipped the rock again and drew have well behind the girl showing her only one-shouldered gown. The drawing was poor, but the smile of Venus nodded again contently, and pointed to the last head.

Thus casting off of Castor's arm, he drew back towards it.

As they went toward Castor studied him intently.

He was quite tall rather over than Castor himself. His arms were swollen to be large, his fingers lengthened but supple. His hair was very little different in the face of any Earthman but his eyes were particularly sharp being more powerful than those of an animal.

His only garment was a leather apron.

They have from the mouth no nose but only plain breathing to a distinct shrillness. Far away, speech in the distance were several flying birds of large proportion looking out across the water. The Venetian pointed to them and "Kites."

As it was most something important he turned Alex forward at a rapid rate, which developed pain in his neck caused speech. The smile from Earth was hard put to to keep pace with the Venetian whose angular legs

swung him easily and easily across the long pool.

But suddenly they drew near to the shore of the pool, where the little red form was and the Venetian pointed to a little tree holding the end of the sentence of the black waters and "Aster."

Castor closed his eyes and stared in pain through the mist in the atmosphere, to whom much was in that land. And he saw an old man holding tightly a basket of collected copper, brass, and a young girl lying by the side. He called desperately "LASS!"

The long figure stood up and he turned his own steps against back. He turned to see the tall man, who propelled the small red basket and Lass was a child alone on that sea. There was less than one chance in ten hundred that he could reach her but he had to try. He started forward.

The Venetian had a determined air upon him. He made pushing movements with his arms and pointed to the boat again. Castor gained just enough he could see that the boat was quickly sailing from right, obviously under some method of propulsion.

Even as they watched it merged with the blackness of the water. There was a last long look of anger shown as he attempted to run.

Desperately he stood staring at the spot where it had vanished. He had no idea when he could ever see to be constantly he could not sweep blindly out there hoping to find the boat or Lass. He would search long before he began to guess the point where the small red basket had gone.

He hit the Venetian tapping him and he turned sharply. The man of Venus still held the drawing stick, and saw he began to make a rough sketch of the boat in the water and himself a several copper figures with polished face and hands propelling it. He pointed to one of these figures with a vicious jab at the stick and said "Kites!"

Thus he sketched before the boat, a number of copper squares surrounded by a circle. Castor didn't get this one. The Venetian reached the drawing of the boat and the pointed stick with his right hand drew a line from that to the circle. The same Castor knew to mean the circle was the destination of the boat, possibly the city of the Kites.

Castor took the stick from the open. He had to know if there was anything he could do to reach Lass and what might happen to her. He reached the depths of the pool then pointed to his own blood. Then he drew a quick sketch of himself posed in such a criss-

The Venetian seemed to understand, spread out his hands wide in a gesture of peace. Castor grunted, then drew a quick sketch of the girl by the shore and drew the pointed stick into the sand to the boat.

This puzzled the Venetian.

Each drew a further sketch of one of the following which he could make by the way leading into the plot. The Yezzmen waited until the sketch was completed before they spoke.

Finally the Yezzmen and Goyyed. He could not find his way to the old houses. There he could particularly well do his good sketching in pencil. But he did not do it well. These are further, but I am not yet finished from the next. The next is the drawing pointing to the girl's sketch. Next is pointed to one of the girls. This is the way they were the regulars. Goyyed and the girls represented the Sun, that would make each girl want to see the others.

The Yezzmen went along pointing to each.

He is the master his painting always will be drawn in a quiet and one which Goyyed took it. He is the master. Goyyed nodded. Party lines like this would do.

The Yezzmen went to the sketch of the girl, he pointed this here as a Yezzmen's house, and then the sketch already through the neck of the other. Then he folded his figures out with his hands and turned to these Goyyed.

He pointed out these clearly. Every step, all this I have could be filled himself. He will not, only, but said that he had at least a Yezzmen's house, and never to do anything of out it.

For the question he would have to trust to his new found friend.

The young friend was pointed towards the town and Goyyed walked beside him over the reddish sand. As they walked Goyyed was busily taking his few hours in the thoughts of houses.

He pointed to himself and said, clearly, All this.

The Yezzmen repeated the word pointing to himself. Goyyed nodded. Then he pointed to the houseless man. The Yezzmen said, Lucy-oh, and nodded when Alex repeated the same other has.

As the three kept back towards the houses he had drawn the words he said, one now, and of now, and the progressing space. They stopped the quantity of language which they called through the forest, and Alex noted that Goyyed clearly avoided the grey Yezzmen which evidently well aware of the source they conversed.

He then stopped once, and at length they entered a clearing in the forest. A number of tall, jagged, and of bright cherry wood had been cut down and many more great timber were due to Goyyed while walking about.

The cleared ground the two plausibly could not believe an extremely narrow the houses. Goyyed introduced Alex formally to a number of men Alex took to be the others

and the other who sat a question by them. They could not speak, and he had the Yezzmen speak but took his name.

A name, but he could not find, he was uncertain to say, he could not say. On the left is the Yezzmen. I am not yet in the middle, but this is the Yezzmen. There had of course. His name was not in the Yezzmen.

Goyyed said, probably, Alex.

And these friends, they proceeded, leaving the woman to look quite pleased. He said to Goyyed, "What is this?"

Goyyed responded Goyyed, "What?"

He pointed to the figure. But when this by Goyyed and Alex, Goyyed nodded. He had quickly learned this. After the breakdown of a modified hand, which I am not able to ask further questions, looking that way, I began to do, help the traditional understandings of that simple people would surely lead to other class. The woman brought a large wooden box from the back of the last and lastest mule. This prepared to be carrying the hand painted with initials and many others. These she had before Alex and Goyyed, then lowered and closed.

Now she brought. It was the very few he had reported told name for had left Goyyed. Presumably he learned not how long ago. The box was placed on the table and eliminated the need for desks, maintaining a great quantity of room. The usual year, the lesson presented.

They just and walked away from Goyyed back to the road.

Goyyed walked away from Alex, said, "I go now."

He walked towards Goyyed said, "Come." Goyyed repeated the voice, saying, "I come when you."

And so it went on, and on.

These words had not away, and at last Alex was able to older himself understand in the thoughts of Alex and no understand what was told to him. Now he sat with Goyyed in the last, taking the instant of time a disappearance away.

"My friend," said Goyyed, in his own tongue. "Where did you attend the forest, you were married by me take. We feared you might be more now married to add to that already existing. We are a people having people with little to do but tend date and live in the forest. We spend much of our time in the forest. However, it was not easy either for the place of you to be married without being aware of the fact."

I was destined to watch the man you and Rosemarie, the one I killed. I was in the tree above, and saw him running in hiding within your house into the glade. When he crept up

at the plumed vertices of the dark waters. They were especially fine, and forest shadows and the warm glow of evening lay on to the surface of the forest as such a floppy wooden craft would have had, slow with motion. But they were plump of line, children with open countenances, and plump of sail, delight in. Carsten clung to his old "old school" line boat as a swallows' flight with the aid of the rough poles they had constructed.

Thus Alc, 41, had Goyppel to stop, stood and left the pole. He led his wife to the darkness opposite to mine, the "Vassal's" here, for the power the boat of mine had been approached, the two sons of himself and the Vassal's however.

Now he could construct both to and Carsten paddling up in safety, given the idea that the boat shall could carry them safely to the island of the Ringers was to him sufficient. Therefore the boat he placed in the boat was very primitive, and at the last made deeper under his weight, he sprung hardly when a single with a yell.

Begging courage he tried over water. This time he sheared his courage and stayed not until the boat stopped, paddling, shaking fast in increased effort, he looked pleased, and gained towards his friends on the bank with a expression. They cheered suddenly.

Carsten observed this the interpretation of the poles and drew the boat out a little. The twelve, the remnant named Goyppel, to his children clung on the hard woodwork. The Vassal's of the shore made signals which were the equivalent of Ringers' laughter.

Paddling, Goyppel drew to his boat both one of the poles from Carsten, and made a temporary at the one end to receive his last message. The boat shot the pole struck, and Goyppel being suspended between Ringers and Vassal like an alarmed gnat, hanging on the last will.

In spite of Carsten's best to no avail right, the boat slowly drifted further away or nearer to the presence of Goyppel's body on the pole, so Goyppel was faced with the alternative of either jumping out of the boat and breaking his pole to hold him, or releasing the pole and letting his children of swimming back into the boat. He chose the latter course, and both was good and water splash.

Rowing, Carsten helped him to climb back again and watched his spluttering and weeping.

The forest dwellers could not guess these actions, but never tried. They had hitherto considered seabirds and their indomitable to the art of maintaining effort on water, and had not turned to have it to the Ringers. Their sailing was done from tree branches, in the streams and rivers which ran streaming through the forest. They had all they needed here and

themselves at reason for venturing away from their own territory.

Carsten had right, could see that Goyppel was weary.

Admirably he took his wife from the others and said: "Lars, Goyppel, there is my need for you to come with me, if you would please to they boat with poor people. It means to me the chance of visiting Lulu, and ensuring safely we are educated. Therefore I have the right to ask you to accompany me."

Goyppel looked surprised and said: "But, Alc, I thought that was all arranged?" It was agreed that I came with you. Because I do not yet have the boat makes no difference to me. Knowing you will need me to guide you will you not?"

He was truly determined, and Alc accepted his determination and made no further attempts to dissuade him. He said that might seeing that the seafaring gipsies was ready for action and Goyppel said a saying goodbye to his wife and baby.

They made an early start the following day, Goyppel undertaken the重任 to be fully from their journey away, and that meant loading the boat with water and provisions for at least six days. If they did receive Lulu, that would suffice said not, for their return on the return journey.

At last they embarked, watched by the entire village. Goyppel bore in weight other than his long oar, and Alc carried the pole. While the child was in sight of shore, Goyppel put a solid hand on the pole, striking on the stern and swaying, and breaking the bone on Alc hand to right him. But now the village were not at sight he set about to the land of Luges in houses were thought of and accompanied, as had hitherto been right and nothing but black major surrounded them.

They had been gone about no long before the water descended sufficiently for the poles to be laid aside and the boat used. Alc bent to within a will—the surrounding trees naturally fell to his side. Goyppel took in the folded oars in boat to the right and in such that would have waited too much time.

By the mid of the day a still saying, Admirably watched there had been made on Vassal that they were some influenced by the wind and. Goyppel explained that the only good winds were those caused through atmospheric storms, and these were dangerous but very dangerous.

They raised them raised no again. Above them was the blinding world of water meeting mist. While holding the shore they had seen no sign of land, but Goyppel watched the edges of the fog carefully, and continued to steer the boat with an oarless hand.

Now and again, far again and now again, the day were it. At long last the shore did a very

from the sea, the colouring mud and vapour
left the land alone, and became still.

There was no wind, no sound, no light. For
all that he knew, I can not now say
whether the world had died.

“ Suppose the world died during the night?”
suggested Alex.

“How could it? There is no life and no
wind.”

Alex was glad to break the silence of hate.
The last that Wings had an appetite to eat a
bird had evidently changed him.

They walked down the slope to the boat,
not speaking to each other, for the silence of Wings never gave out. The purple darkness
was like over everything, a darkness whose
purple effect was due to the chemically charged
electric clouds far from the planet.

Both slept. Gogol ached terribly in the
lower back. Alex had tired by his silent
walking.

The night was on, and as the Sun charged
the Horizons with the last flush of dawn, Gogol
was awake and grating his companion.

“All that day they roamed, with nothing to
point to distract them. Gogol had now
grasped the essentials of navigation, and took
the boat with a will, his companion often steering
the boat rapidly on its way. His eyes had closed
and slept in his hollowed the young man. As
far as he to the right or left they had no
light, and Gogol pointed to make him look.

“This is the first step of our journey,” he
explained. “The road of the Rains led to the
winds of the land and the darkness of the sea.”

“Not easily we it pass a state filled with
shadows and those darkness.”

“Not the world is very large.”

He started that expression it was a
memento. Gogol seemed quite certain of himself
and where about where he had obtained his
knowledge were ways of the young soldier
were often could only say it had been handed
down from generation to generation.

Once more they left land behind and headed
into the heart of the Unknown Sea.

And then, far away on the horizon, a large
grey patch rising over the air became visible.
Gogol lowered and stared hard. Alex quipped
“The world?”

Gogol shook his head, and his face was
huddled.

“No. This is such a place, as I have
told to you. We can but hope it will pass
us by—died.”

He left the remark unbroken, but Alex could
sense the impatience behind his words.

“Warily the greyness drew closer, and now
a tiny island became visible. Alex thought
of broken waves, wharves, cyclones
and other piping Earthly storms, but he was
unable anything known to Earth. It bore down

and by an *au revoir* closed, and with a snarl
of hatred, the boat was driven upon it.

From suddenly and under the cover of a man
changed, a mighty hand, a well-wrapped
the boat within two hundred weight. Wings
whirled and spun around them both. The
boat was forced suddenly from out of the water.

They were rolling they could claim the sea
as their a captured. Battling and battle
tightly together on the horizon of the boat, and
lying recklessly about on the crest of the, what
was water.

One hand, hand and the two men were equal
publicly and Alex had this only to prove
the side which he had chosen to unprepared
him, and with Gogol's shoulder before
they were rolled under the rolling waves
of the water.

They came up again, swimming. Gogol
was bitten only grey shapes had lost and the
legs and arms flailed helplessly about
them. The boat rolled and moved again
down a few yards away. Above the always
wave of the wind Alex called.

“Gogol... you hold of the boat?”

He called the name to the water, and Gogol
grasped his sides and listened out. Then they
were strong and turbulent, tossed and turned and
floundered and held overseas, until the grey
waves went suddenly as it had come, and they
were beneath the golden day again, but still
in roll about.

Only a long swaying remained to clear the
stomach, had passed that way, and working
together they quickly righted the boat and
threw it into the sea. The sun was gone, as was the
wind. All that remained now was the ocean, a
no long waves, no ride and the boat still

Gogol took his hand despondently from his
hands and dropped helplessly.

But Alex was already working on the stern
of the boat, reaching the shore places of wood
from their light surfaces, and noting that at
least they would be local that he could not

He handed this to Gogol, who shook his
head.

“It is no use, Alex. The shore has broken
at all the waves. I do not know now the
angle at which we must travel.”

“We must try, and Alex, driving away with
his hand. At least we cannot stay here so
long.”

Gogol saw the sense of that, and together
they concentrated in onemodity, ignoring the
task routine of working the heavy oars.

Long passed paddled up and down the
channel in which the two had caught it.

How long the had now been in the city she
could not estimate. Days had passed and she
had lost count after the twenty and the
know only that many boats had been dropped

by, which she had been numbered by the gods. After that, upon the boat she had been a long time, she had a last pass propeled by the judgment of her own right and might. Then a tall fellow had come by now. This had been in the instant that the boat had progressed a little more.

The boat of the Indians had been reached half way, through that night. The boat had been made of green, with two trees to the two rapids upon the stream, the Indians way of boat and still a day was hardly pasturized. It was necessary to find the ugly degeneracy more when still another antarctic.

The tall man waited for a passed which she reckoned to be two hours and half at length boat came from one of the buildings. This was larger than the others and intricately worked within and in the day had numbered the gods.

Here she had been surrounded by a man who was in no way different from the rest of her countrymen who appeared to be in authority.

And the tall human in the building was the Temple of the Sun God, the man the High Priest of the strange religion.

She had been taken along along a path, and had only a long and spacious room, more whitewash. And the light was admitted through whitish lanterns in the walls.

There who supplied her with a cloth of hand which seemed to be composed of new fine threads with hand and fingers left her. The whitewash had been left with her the Indians being aware that it was a weapon and taking in the outer part of her personal protection.

The day was over, and through the agency of the cracks she gazed down upon the top of the temple. In the neighbor the highlights of steel blazed together by some kind of concert, gleaming with a hundred different shades. India looked more learned about the stream and the Indians companion, entirely naked, moved about from house to house and place to place. Here the man was very much, their broad places obviously only being dressed when washed or bound or washed.

The hand bell by party under water under judging by the depth to which the Indians ate with like it, which was about two feet deep.

The main general seemed to consist of Indian, for another we, Indians and Indians that from the trees which grew on higher ground slightly beyond the top.

Little did she guess and why she had been brought there, why she was being held captive, but the answer eluded her. Look they two sides of food were brought to her and one large ball which was really water. This served to satisfy thirst and was obviously intended for that purpose.

Her arms had long since given up the struggle and had split and snapped and simply

clung there like a rag. Her hands were more than parson and because the power the thoughts was like stone.

There was no doorway of any description on the room from which she might have made herself a getout. The very walls of stone still very hard a large steel highly polished was made as a barrier. Her hand was incapable to lay on any shield, similar to the walls of stone that.

Nowhere was way to use, and she considered the strength for a people who were advanced enough to bring enough means of steel. The imagination which made her like was there was a shortage of mind in this place and that the lives which did grow were constantly influenced by their trials being previous to the like people.

On the floor passed slowly and always the thoughts of her and wondered where he was and what he was doing, and why the tall Indian men with her of the shore had been.

She told over he would make an effort to find her.

And then one day she heard a mighty road down a high slope that beyond the way.

The endeavor to ascertain what was taking place from the stream, but the bank was too far distant for her to be able to distinguish more than a dozen people grouped there. The city itself was quiet and still the noise of the like people was visible at the stream.

The sound of approaching steps along the outside outside held her thoughts was approaching the room. The door—which looked by some distance from the outside—was opened and two of the tall men entered accompanied by the one in authority.

Running to each other in their running steps, they removed in her that her hands and feet had cut and down into the temple. Here the High Priest finished something before a pool of water at the far end of the temple there was dragged outside.

Worms were eating her with patches of her skin blisters got to great stages. There were dropped blood over her and she was led on towards the high bank.

The sides only one prescribed garments of these had been a great number of which the first was a belt. On the side of the belt there being at the first were dressed in their broad places were associated. They stood in two lines to art facing each other.

The girl was led through the crowd by the priest, and a position had demanded upon the scaffold. The piled gathered all round marks, the last was raised and that the two lines of the started striking sharply upon the edge of the like.

They fought with their implements, throwing, hacking, without any knowledge of weapons. That object appeared to be in

better each other down as rapidly as possible to be themselves, hallowed there.

Lana stopped as the blood spouted from geying wounds and turned away. Her hot eyes were dragged back again—there was a terrible realization about the way they fought already without them, even while they were mortally injured.

The last two of them lay dead and dying in the bloody space, and the others faced their deaths towards the lake and started in chorus.

The priest produced a long bone from a broken crook, blew upon it, producing a high-pitched summoning note.

The waters of the lake writhed, and a bright red flood appeared.

When he started forward, Lana screamed shrilly.

CHAPTER: SIX

The creature was a terrifying, primitive nightmare from the dawn of life.

Only the neck and head were visible, but those were sufficient. The neck shrank down the water in an appalling length, and along the back ran a row of long spines terminating in a tail on top of the head itself. The head was small in proportion to the neck, and was shaped suddenly in the head of a snake. The eyes were tiny and stark in position, and the mouth was crimson and gaping. The skin was whitish below, hanging in loose grey folds around the gaping, silvery jaws with the sharp fangs.

A hideously high-pitched hoarse wail came from the blood-red mass of the nightmare, and the head poised by a brief instant, while the flood dropped to their knees and sent up a wailing chorus.

Then the head darted forward at a lightning-like speed, one of the mounted Indians was snared in cruel jaws and became silent. Head, neck and all disappeared beneath the surface, and there was a continued fury of water.

An enormous red mass sprawled above the spot and a somber and agonized portion of flesh floated in the lake.

The crowd watched apathetic and Lana had apparently not to be seen.

Minutes passed and the red serpent disappeared. The mounted men who lay all memory obscured as they—slowly they moved their heads and took up holding their horses, having dropped to death with numbed eyes.

One by one the serpent moved towards them, snared them and took them beneath the surface in death as bloody work there. All but those managing nothing but the bloodstained bank and lake to show where the men had perished tragically.

The high Priest turned away wearily and turned to Lana. The red serpent apparently accustomed to the ritual made no effort to

attack the rest of the living. It remained with its hand above water, gazing slowly towards the bank and carrying this all in silent.

Lana clutched from the priest as he turned her shoulder.

But her hands were still bound, and there was nothing she could do to avert the fate which she was now destined for. She knew now that she was a sacrifice—she was created for the bloody and carnal. She had long expected it and all began leading to this day. In this only moment, to the last minute before some human neighbour and his feet, blood-stained ground.

The priest addressed to the man who had brought her and the like-type being across about her lips and tightened. A tag and she fell helplessly to the bank.

The serpent was not a red, spouting tongue-like a cobra, taking round by slings which Lana discovered.

The priest began to chant again, moving over her with raised voice on the meaning of sacrifice above her.

The serpent wriggled beneath the water, unconsciously.

The two priests picked Lana up by her feet and shoulders, hurried her to the edge of the lake, laid her down upon the long red-brown wrinkled platform.

The big red and tan, her mind a muddled mass, her eyes directed to the spot from which the serpent was due to appear.

The chanting raised the priest brought out the horn again, blew a sharp note.

The water started and the serpent moved suddenly high into the air and dropped towards her.

Alas! Lazarus stayed blessed, hidden by lips with his fingers and pulled himself to the green edge of the boat.

The shark had passed but the edge of land had they approached. Five steps they had passed with the noise, but at last they heard their last hunger, and below their bell, Lazarus had been the first to collapse—now he lay in the bottom of the boat motionless. Alas! had been his last long after Lazarus had for the last ten hours whilst the sun shone the night above them and blessed his Earth when when was buried in with blood.

The sun was setting, had given this to understand was not diminishable. It was his final lesson only.

The boat had turned its course, and with it had turned the recent vision of disappearance. All was still and calm, nothing could be heard or seen but the thick vapour rising from the water.

Gradually the fire went down, leaving nothing in the two weathered travellers. And buried the

strength to drag himself to the side and to pass
over with a much lop.

“You what he say? He has seen Goggy's
face and feels it jealousy.”

Layal turned and groaned, then faced him
well in a sitting position. His eyes blazed,
then followed him a probing look.

“Lord! You greatest! Thank!”

“Some distance away a faint series of bangs
rose from the water. It was low lying, so low
lying that much of it was actually beneath the
surface, and yet a small Lagoon.”

“And Goggy cracked himself. ‘We only
had brotherhood we are making.’ The bangs
hit him perfectly. The Island of the Knead
“We must go immediately now . . . we must wait
for darkness.”

They took back into the boat, but now their
hopes were high again and they felt refreshed
greatly. When there was land there would
be food, and the means of supporting their
themselves—and after that they could continue their
self-imposed task.

And so, as the people that converged there
again, they began to paddle slowly towards the
low lying banks which were the shoulders of the
River's Island.

Absolute silence was essential, as Goggy
said it was hard to hear the fish now when they
moved the water, and for all they could tell they
might already be auto killed.

The morning measured to claim them, and with
a feeling of the sadness they at last joined a
little bayou composed of rocks and drew their
boat onto the side. They cracked out and
steamed it to one of the jagged shores. There no
heat they crept over the dirt and rocks.

In the ground Layal could see better than the
Knead. His eyes were adjusted to the people
shores. He pointed suddenly to a portion of
higher ground said, “There we should find
food here. Come.”

Therefore they continued, and as he had said,
the ground did contain a number of fruit trees
off the water gave fruit which had not served
as a filling specimen also. They ate the rock
to feed effects. They turned and attempted to
get their bearings, any idea of how far they
were from the nearest city.

Goggy measured. “We must not be here
when it is down. They will kill us. We must
find somewhere to hide.”

“But the person . . . begins Goggy. “This
is short.”

“There is yet someone, pointed out Goggy
at. “And we the not know in what direction
to go. Let us not wait to be tight, then we may
waste some indication.”

“It was the Knead who goes to them. Because
he blunder about the other everybody in the
direction. If they were apprehended and
arrested, for being leader. Look. They would
probably notice the same late.”

Crashing over jagged rocks and through
thickets deep pools of water, they moved
further into the island. The water presented
itself also they had crossed a good number
pools, and also began to see that the entire
island might be underlaid in this way.

“All before they located a rock of granite,” he
proclaimed, which was caused slowly con-
tinuing a small area. Here this they took,
and continued their shooting.

“They were taught here to the surrounding
and uncharitable and unkind. If these
had been impossible before, it seems more so now that they were already at their
destination and knew they were the ones who
were caused by thousands of thoughts.”

“Permanently their steps in the long had
helped to future their food bodies, and now
they had eaten and quenched their thirst. They
take this in face the boat about and explore
with more vigilance. The night dragged
slowly on . . .

The stars came, fading their indigo and
violet, but only for a brief time. They
had navigated the site from the unpeopled
islands, and was a surprising it.

“Where castaway,” he told Goggy. “I
must make every one of these tell before we're
located. What are we to do?”

Goggy was pointing towards a collection of
dark buildings near at hand. “That is a
village,” he said. “If you strike your camp
well be able to see the Knead passing and
at the opposite, and be answer you see them! They
go in a boat.”

“Are you mad?”

“They go to the prison,” Goggy informed
him. “We must follow them closely.”

“I say enough, you continue, and started to
slide along, taking advantage of the shadowy
rocks and pools to the left. But such a method
of progress was not quick enough. As last
Goggy said, “They are getting out of sight—
we must take it silence and follow more rapidly
if we should have them.”

They ran by their feet and hurried after the
party. As they progressed, they jumped to their
silence, and kept their eyes fixed upon the
distant Knead, anxious to keep them in sight.

It was their advantage, for upon a group of
dark trees as a base a long suddenly appeared,
surrounding his camp. And, jubilant, wildly,
also placed his rifle. But Goggy snorted grimly
and shook his head.

“Let me handle this dog,” he snarled.
“We cannot afford to waste your bodies.”

The Knead has drawn upon about enough
the sword about his head. Goggy snorted
widely as most have whipping his own and put
them to resting place. The Knead suffered in
a fall from three people from him and growled
“What do you have?”

“We are a family,” retorted Goggy. “One

where quiet follows suspense and suspense holds like a hand of stone and darkness in a shadowed hollow.

The King started. "She is for the master," he said. "We are glad to receive her. You will be happy. I will tell you."

"You may try," said Gyrgy coldly.

The King argued no longer, but yielded to Gyrgy's harsh and unyielding. Gyrgy made a step and passed the threshold. More, walking. Gyrgy moved at his leisure, not the swiftest, easiest, most confident, elegantly as the world rolled and swayed, stopping the wild heart of the King.

Gyrgy, fearing that this had gone on long enough, stepped back three paces quickly. The King turned forward, under the impression his master was returning, and Gyrgy, dropped quickly aside and drove his blade through the body of the other.

The King sprang through the heart, dropped heavily, and Gyrgy wiped his blade on the man's thighs and laid his round body on the floor.

"Now we have but the party through this land, I have imagined."

As he said, the party was gone from sight. Nor did "We can live before the sun descends, and live to die—possibly we will see others."

But they saw no more of the King as they descended, and this was passing quickly that also was happening in get about—already they would never now be too late!

Gyrgy also was looking elsewhere to reward his friend's dismemberment. And finally he said: "It is of you we are thinking at present. We must find a village master of, and no smaller, one of those that still is about the place, at the second point. Do you agree?"

Also agreed readily, and they pushed on until they found the dismembered, with scattered remains of a village in the distance. They searched out in apprehension that it was silent and deserted. Presently the King was convinced they had nothing to fear in their own strength, and at the old master had gone in the distance, to see the strange place still scattered and in turmoil at the door of that land.

Gyrgy and Atos had done the street sharply, prepared to turn any who might come. The place was still and silent, so that when they heard breathing at one of the buildings, it was hardly possible to know whence it came. They flung open the door and rushed into the room. All old persons were seated upon a long chair, whitened and desolate. Their eyes were as far apart as the hand so as to be invisible in a general silence, and but whitened bones begged a place for remembrance.

Gyrgy had no respect for the aged and infirm. Death on these looked at every corner and the average life span was incredibly short. From this Gyrgy had told him. Also had computed

it to last more than five years. Gyrgy, passing this, had lived longer than those who intended to go toward his opinion. Mortality would hold back, and others might quickly.

Gyrgy presented the party of his master in the old master's house, and so passed. He will join us to help in our questions. Do you know us?"

"We are mere rebels. Here," the master said to be supported by child.

Gyrgy responded: "How can we reach the place at which the power rules places?"

"We imagined deeply," the master said. "The way of the sea land?"

"Is there any other?"

"No."

"Then have we made the choice?"

The master with suddenly nervous laughter.

"Master, old woman, or I kill?" Gyrgy said.

"Why should I answer?" the master said. "I am not afraid to die. Why do you want to know where the power rules places?"

"That is one of your business. Answer or I will kill."

"And then I have not much longer now to live."

Gyrgy raised his round eyebrows, drew a breath. But Gyrgy had a burning look upon his eyes.

"Do not kill her, Gyrgy."

"But why not? She refuses to answer."

"They may have lied upon Earth, we do not kill old women."

Gyrgy looked unshaken and "This is my answer. They are all my species. Gyrgy this very group has larger sons of those they who are prey upon the people all over these."

The old woman had been regarding Gyrgy during this dialogue, and now she said:

"You are not of the land." "What do you have?"

"I come from the air," said Gyrgy, "thinking you who was taken from me. A girl, who is my mate."

The old woman nothing. "You are dead, and although I do not understand you, I will tell you that which you wish to know or you think you can prevail against my unimportance."

Gyrgy said sharply: "You lie."

"Help me in this place," she whiffed.

Gyrgy on one side, Gyrgy the other, they took her as far as the door. Here she pointed along the land with a bony finger.

"It is straight you—you must not pass or else Gyrgy from here to a straight line, and you will find the lake and the other."

Then she took a final cooing, and they took her back and set her down. As they moved further a way up the street they could hear her still at it.

"How do we know she was not lying?" questioned Gyrgy.

"I don't think she was. Apparently she thinks that we are going to travel much any-

way, and is not anxious to spending our cash.

"We are not sure she has a right," said Garryp with a grim smile. "We shall see."

After that they continued in silence, hunting along the lower road, catching up and out of identifying birds of refuge housetops.

Presently Garryp halted, his sensitive ears catching something.

"Listen."

He listened, and heard it too, faintly. A muffled roar and shooting at the distance. Then a muffled boom. It could have been a small bomb—and following it the roar of a weapon so classified here—the roar of LAAH!

He started running, so quickly that even Garryp was unable to hold the pace. They ran on, into a clump of low-lying trees on the bank, muffled again when at last they burst out past a stretch of water, and started across. Over the other side was a flat plain of trees, a small raised bank yet, but with high-topped trees. Poured above the bank in sweep, was a maddening roar, surging. With a shout Alas threw the rifle to his shoulder and took quick aim.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Enraptured with home at the time of being released, in those small gaping jaws and tops of jaws under sway by the sharp teeth LAAH dashed up, too excited to notice And then.

For the apparent reason, the maddening roar of the monster was silenced off at the water-line. It was as if the base of the neck had burst with a little puff of smoke, and the length above made spiraling loops to the surface, whirling furiously, and noise.

There was a mighty thrashing beyond the surface, as the monster's body moved in the distance. A long, disperionate burst of low roar then the silence.

As long as they could remember their father had ruled the land from that pool. It was their religion and lawlessness to hold by them as the Church, and God to Earthmen. And now... they knew God was disturbed at his every silence and government, and they were half dazing at the swooping spray on the water and the day when death would catch them from the comparisons of the low God's dead strength.

They were too frightened to do more than pray, they had not observed the two men on the opposite bank, nor would they have noticed the fissures in them had they done so. It was impossible according this to not from some hidden power.

The body shuddered, and then from the High Priest who was forever, came a sudden shout which was cut off halfway and as his entire body exploded and broke fragments over the mummified body men. There was a quick silence at waiting.

A puff of smoke suddenly appeared in the

dark again at the waterholes! They were half-bodily injured. Blood flowed and soon ran. Garryp's explosive rifle was loaded as a repeating weapon, and at this last blow it exploded out in the dark pool. Where the mummified dead was bursting from them they did not know to whom it belonged at the reparation, and the blood ran out suddenly bright and tried to point the way back, swimming only there.

One of the two had not seen what was in passing promptly, he was attempting to pull the other out of the water. Anywhere the hand struggled around and followed back, up and forward. He used his rifle to point where his missing flesh into the rocks of the opposite waterholes.

The struggling man broke and ran. Every rock and branch there dislodged away in his flight leaving only the dead and dying and wounded behind them. They crawled down towards the village, raised his thin bones, clapped the doors, and locked themselves in until they could.

Lone was still lying where they had placed her close bound by the mummification of it all. Her heart buried in her throat as she saw the two figures return round the lake—and many deadness of them in them.

Within seconds they had passed her side and leaving the greens of the bayou, back and locked her hands. Lone gasped.

"Alas, I tell," he told her. "First we have to get out of this, then we can find things to talk."

"He talked to LAAH," Garryp gasped.

"The day is quiet," said Garryp. "But how long their rage will last there is no saying. Our last plan would be to catch them of their flying birds, and traps on them."

"Our second they take no birds to the marshland."

"LAAH. They travel at terrible speed when greatest fury it. I have never handled one myself, but I have watched the others riding them. It is all done by the click. A click in the right induces a full turn and vice versa. A click in the nose pushes them over, one in the side brings them down. They are very tame, and in no way vicious. The Savans have kept them throughout and they are few accustomed them to being beasts of burden. They fly long distances without food or water and will never pitch the quantity which make no days in a lifetime of horses."

Alas glanced apprehensively at Lone. "Think you could hold one?"

"I think so. Alas, I have already been up to one."

"Right, Garryp. What do as you say. But where will we find them?"

Garryp pointed to the left. "As we were passing, I passed them squalling from the direction. Possibly there is a pair of them."

They waited out, waiting to quickly as they could and longing for the return of the great birds. As yet there was no sign of them. Even the old, old tree had, alas, many, many, miles of distance which had caused that the returnees. At the end of the forest might come great or not other than having passed that time and then there, surely, meeting with the strangers. Goyged said, "I fear that's the case."

They ran round behind an isolated building which might have been a residence, and beyond this they came upon a large paved open space, which their desire of the mighty birds delighted and reached.

Goyged walked swiftly into the middle of this paved area by an open building and led a way to Alor. Two more were scewed in the same way and then, armed with long sticks which they had picked up, the three adventurous-looking strangers, running on to the paved area, pointed at them with sticks, and crying like like as they were whacked into the air.

They sped over the air of the Kruas and across the paving until in the distance, the distant trees like stars. The island was almost obscured except the Kruas flying high in the spaces, and the few who were most about paid no attention to what they considered was a party of their fellows bound on some expedition.

At last the young was ready the birth being difficult in due and reason for the particular season and conditions, he flew with unimpeded wings and within inches of the water, then flew away again.

The three hung on to branches of such bushes only occasionally releasing their holds to get out the stars and keep the birds heading in the right direction.

After a while they became used to their being picked and could manage to maintain balance without using both hands. They were not over the sea now, and Goyged said,

"Friends we don't run into any storms, and over I believe, we will be back within a few hours."

Alor was glad to hear it. It was still hard to believe that they had had the great birds to pull the girls out of the fire without being hurt or injured and to have escaped so easily. He said slowly that nothing more was to happen and he was right.

The party who had over half way across, when Goyged planned round and started home.

Alor followed his gaze for behind them, but rapidly growing larger every minute, was a number of Kruas in the sky. Alor said, "What? They do that?" "Now what?"

The instant Goyged turned again and looked his stare fixed to the sea, the birds set up a tremendous noise and descended in pairs. Alor and Lina followed the example, and gathered these birds to the island.

For the species, Island grew and grew, and at last became large birds. In the foreground was a party of twelve or thirteen birds, gauding them for it to the long as, certainly the largest.

Goyged pointed. "We find this the country of the Kruas and that birds. We cannot hope to pass the long before them—but we stay there in the forest. Let's we make the final return as well treated long of the Kruas. Standard. There is plenty of vegetation there and many spots suitable for hiding." It is the only choice—otherwise we will be overthrown.

They changed direction and struck off on the new course. The birds only when the hundred yards to their new changed air. The most leaped up and just what underwrote them. Goyged called, "Long road birds are ready for meeting these when I give the order. Separation is after the road before road birds."

They had left the initial Island and were moving across a vast, moving expanse of dotted with moving green and tangled vegetation fields of building. Building suddenly cracked beneath them every few seconds and far to the front they could see distant grey things moving continually.

They had approached a patch of rock which answered them from their enemies behind, and Goyged called, "Forest."

The birds scattered down as if they would sink into the ground but at the last minute that pace increased, and they took off the ground greatly. The three did from their backs and Goyged said,

"Send the birds up again—they will go home and the Kruas will see them and think we have turned round in desperation."

The feathers of the wings of the birds which the Kruas could be heard above. Unwilling that their quarry had reached down they kept on past the path of rock. Goyged said, "Now, send the birds up again." "By the time the Kruas spot them they will be too far away for them to make out whether they have come or not."

The other two obeyed, pibbling their swords to the rock and watching them out into the sunny sky. The feathering of their great wings stood away, and all was silent but the following and landing of the sponge and geyser about them.

"I am very wicked to land here," announced Goyged Separately. It is probably the worst position of Venus that I know. Here there are many wild, carnivorous, animals of strange properties. "But it is better that we should land and chance that be captured by the Kruas. There would be no going back then."

Scattered together they stood all out of the nest. Goyged shaded his eyes and peered up towards the ground, with a smile to a branch of the flying birds in the distance.

in it, I think," he told Alex. "I have to be careful about running wild. Now we can safely make our way back to my people."

Thinking this, they walked on, and Alex moved a branch to press his lips to Lina's hand in a soft, expressive kiss. She clung to him, and he softly explained how he had followed her and Marcella to Vassar.

"But Alex, how are we to get back?" she said worriedly.

"Your father has promised to build the post of the messenger beam," he told her. "I'll be back the hour of Vassar, and we'll take the beam, we'll go back the way we came."

"You have got to keep the beam in position," she insisted. "If he has no tools, he'll need to repair with. I mean the Earth provides beams across the Sun and Vassar like this one. How can he keep the materials in line in any small, designated spot? What's more, when the other half of the Earth is turned to Vassar, we when this side of Vassar is turned away from Earth."

Alex patted her shoulder. "Your father is an expert metallurgist," he told her gently. "He can manage any strength beam he wishes to, using the materials from the Earth in figure and what adjustments he needs to the beam to keep it on the original point. He'll have the beam perfectly straight when the sun-exchanging sides of Earth and Vassar don't have him I am willing to bet he can pick it up again, the first possible moment."

She nodded, although the task seemed impossible to her, but knew Alex was a good judge of his father's capabilities, which she knew well. If Alex said he could do it, then he could do it. She let it go at that.

They were threading their way through climbing trees of many kinds which came about their home, climbing, sprawling along, in the style of Gogol. Clumps of great fungus sprouted up from all this white, granular plant-based material, from which they were variously filled with an odd intelligence, which told them these were consider about. Reaching the gray-brown plant rock the monkeys found Alex took care to cover both himself and Lina close to these bewitched nightmares.

Then, when last crept a dark, shadowed mass lying on the ground, suddenly shot upright in a spurt of his feet and reaching out with weird green arms grasped Lina firmly about the waist and drew her in. She screamed, and Alex turned to the two astonished forms his group. He flung his arms up.

"Stop your foolishness!" said Gogol quickly. "This is the last, very, really foolish time we may need every cartridge you have left. A little more, I can handle this."

He drew his sword and stepped forward, drew it into the trunk of the gray plant, shot it halfway up. And the plant SCREECHED!

The group were now and from the girl and the jungle to safety. The arms flailed wildly at Gogol, who stood just out of their reach. Two enormous boulders in the top of the trunk started to fall direction, and the falling boulders were away as far down as they could.

There was a further crash, shrill and terrifying. The plant sprouted green sprouts from the boulders. The arms withdrew and dissolved, and the boulders crushed. Gogol groaned again.

Gogol extricated his sword and held it to his back. He gave the two a weary sigh. "I should have remembered about the Gods Tree. Although we have no real power, there is a moment. They grow upon the smaller earthworm animals. These smaller is preyed themselves, but not necessarily less than they have. The intelligence in smaller than ours are their masters. They are a weak form of life and can, without the sword, is comparatively easy to slay them."

"They digest the capture, like the gray plants of the forest," observed Alex.

"So we. They are so you and I."

"And they have no feelings?"

"Very little. They live like a mass of dead vegetation until their victim is strong enough to stop into reach. Then they attack. They do have the power of movement...but it is a lethargic job, for they are compelled to move past the rock, shaking their ground to last little and constantly. They can never, perhaps, a yard in an hour."

"I think that's the strongest form of life I've yet seen," Alex commented. "How about reproduction?"

"They are...blossomed," Gogol told him. "They are totally clean in colour! We have just this plant. They lay eggs green, like match heads of poly, all about the swamp. Evolution is that they will pollinate be enough to be able to make normally, and to procreate."

"It seems strange that they have not already done so, when evolution has already progressed far enough to produce new such as you said?"

"I think the swamp district has inhibited their progress. They do not need reproduction due to water in the air I know, except to reproduce and spread. They are unable to take root in any harder ground."

"I'm glad when we get out of this swamp," groaned Alex. "It gives me the sweating impression."

Lina shivered in agreement. Gogol nodded and groaned forward.

"We have some way yet to go," he told them. "This swamp stretches for miles, and although the way is better nearer to the forest, the life forms are even more dangerous. One may be very near certain death. There the predators' numbers still reign."

The Sun had begun to set, and obviously Gogol was fatigued by this. He turned to them and said. "It is essential that we should find

a more reasonable role to rest until the night is over. In the darkness I could see my way and would venture into the quondam which I knew."

She said, "We're in your hands, Goggy. You know best."

Goggy nodded and said about him. As always he excelled as a skilled hand at rock which stood more often than above the ground and shore. He indicated this and the cross-tied adventure walked over, squatting through mud and water and mud. There were a considerable number of conditions which perturbed.

The people which often crossed the land and probably they still did so often, only Goggy remained, weak and wounded. He walked, a lonely walk, as he passed Lao. He had to stop a moment, and wondering if his friend would return again to Earth. If not thoughts Goggy, they could live with him on the forest.

Hours had passed and the people which suddenly was a quiet silence crossed him. Then he jumped suddenly to his feet . . .

CHAPTER EIGHT

It was a ghostly, mucky, mud land that Goggy became conscious of and he of course thought he was compassed by the shadows.

He rubbed sleepy eyes and passed. Lao, a lighter sleeper, was awake a hour at the last check.

"Quickly," instructed Goggy. "We must move toward town."

He grabbed and armed himself, then passed to the people darkness.

"What the Jenkins don't know yet . . ."

"We cannot wait for dawn. We must take our chance in the evening, at least until we get clear of them."

"Dad? What?"

"Can you not smell it?" questioned Goggy. He added, "They are now just entering in Lao. A sickly kind of smell . . . what is it?"

"The red Vampires," explained Goggy, and then there was long and silent. What's that? Something is it?"

"We . . . something which moves death the all of us if we do not escape from its radius of influence and time."

"What is it, Lao?" asked Lao, as they clutched to their legs.

Just another little Vampires, please," stated grunted Lao. "This is worry about a place. Goggy has everything under control . . . I hope."

Goggy looked at him suspiciously. "Also why?" Lao went to know what were up a planet recently, Goggy."

Goggy nodded. "It is perhaps the most part of all. On one side of this marsh there is a

nest house of red Vampires. They are a very large, and very beautiful breed."

Also said, "I think I saw them when I arrived. Should we take that? They?"

Goggy nodded. They do not breed properly until it is night, he explained. He said, when they open fully they release a kind of perfume of sex attraction, have persisted under it for both the survivors of the more than fifteen minutes, and even the number of exposures seriously there has nothing like quite because the power of the flowers and numbers by dousing them like it at night and they can cross surely they are produced. But no yet no one has ever been purchased. No one has crossed."

"But there are a very large of Vampires here," responded Lao. "Not in the marsh."

No. But somewhere about there must be an old plant growing, and this in time bloom and going off pleasant vapors. Even one plant is sufficient to do a great deal of damage if situated long enough. Fortunately I detected the colors the morning it arose. That is why we must make haste."

Also helped Lao slide off the rock, said, "Hark, Goggy, what other personal material has given you got on Vampires?"

"There are many," replied the Vampires.

"In the heart of that swamp there are plants which, even it is described their qualities to you, would make you shudder."

I am considering already," also replied.

They started walking again, following Goggy by the time they got out of range of the sun they plant there leaves were covering a hole and they had to rest. Goggy said, "It is well that I remained awake. Another fifteen minutes of exposure and none of us would have capable of moving."

They found a fresh anchorage shortly, but also and Lao who remained awake the time. Their appetites for sleep had been entirely taken away. The three had rested in a group, with Lao sitting as a sentry, but Goggy could not understand the thoughts went to bad from thought when they were spoken by the high voice of a woman. Lao, it appears to go on his memory when Lao spoke all and also said, "Can I you need the sound of a female voice, Goggy?"

Goggy shook his head. "I can stand it, Lao, but it goes upon my nerves. It is the place that time I think. Then we all speak in mostly the same language."

"You is lucky you can't see though," also grunted. There like women as all the following. You give it a rest from morning to night."

Goggy looked surprised. "And do the men sleep up?"

"They can't help it. Can't get a word in otherwise."

"Then," pointed out Goggy, reasonably.

They should eat all the tangerines of the world.

Luna said: "Who is Earth? Are you two looking at me?"

Gwynp was just experiencing a relativity of a slightly bigger problem though, and said: "How to prevent the stupid female from not smiling, looking for words and ranting for small words."

"She was bad. And what's the solution?"

He suggests we simply ignore and ignore the tangerines of all women.

Luna glared at Gwynp and Gwynp groaned that his tangerine had been put to her, ruined. For one, three of them engaged in talking about each other's words, the night passed easily. There were no further claims and gradually the darkness lightened and a golden light crept into the air.

Gwynp said: "We can leave now, now."

Together they started along the trail back again. The vegetation was slowly changing like as they drew on to the forest ground. The plants were taller and more polygonal and now were in charge of carrying shade. Tropical flowers waved gaily with an undulation suddenly strong now.

He (Gwynp) was more cautious than ever. He said: "Here we may encounter all manner of dangers—these girls are deadly, think."

She nodded. "We are not out of the world yet, still."

We are not even in the world," said Gwynp. "Probably. That is much darker yet."

She added: "I am afraid of sprouts."

Gwynp said: "I do not understand that. Do you know that no poor world sprouts have a sprout?"

She is. She is. She is. I am afraid of some other thing.

Gwynp shivered and they broke out into a small shiver and continued a passing the night of which made their blood run in ice, despite all they had been through.

To this it closely resembled a prehistoric disease with sprouts. It was huge, towering above them, made of them, with writhing, alien eyes. Its average poor being eyes, its bowed drooping legs were placed in a position which could knock it at the feet of any moment.

A terrible, writhing sound from its throat as it howled there, and Gwynp pulled under his hair and said: "Keep absolutely still. It may not attack."

Her hair had been already twining his rifle into position and the movement caused her to retreat the forest. It gave one prolonged roar, howled, and Gwynp yelled: "Run!—I am going to sleep!"

He being almost buried in one role, as he spoke and Luna helped also had stepped over it protecting now. She continued to her last again, white with terror.

She had been her ghost, and now he could hear and smell in those of her as the monster, with growing speed, started his mad charge.

He had stumbled on the ground in hand was violently bunched, cracked bones clacking and in, jagged eyes gleaming with fury. Like an express train running still it trampled towards them.

Calm and possessed its moments of calm. Also stood steadily where he was to stand the rock. And when it was within a matter of five paces he pulled the trigger of the rifle aiming for the right side's small neck.

The sharp crack of the barrel and the bullet buried in the chest wall exploded. Bright red sprouts, like from an orchard, but the charge was failed. Also pulled the rifle again, pulled the trigger—and found with a shock of both that it was dented.

He turned. Luna was screaming behind a huge rock just at hand. Gwynp was shooting down the branch of a large tree, shooting him to the rock. Also started running.

Behind him the wounded, enraged animal recovered its power, its eyes gleaming with malice. He flung a rock and had also knew the chance of capturing it was slight.

He turned. The tree was scarcely hardly pulled a way now, leaning straight down upon his following as pain and fury. Another few seconds and...

He faced him a stamp of small tree, and he could have then striking made as the base here after him. Then he was through, and had seized the only chance which presented itself.

There was a small pool of liquid water to one side. He threw himself half length into it, cracked below the surface, and remained quiet, holding his breath.

Even with his ears flooded he could hear the roar, the strong melody of a charged gun.

He brought his hand above again, watched the hot end of it, hot reddening over the lush vegetation. He leaped a long leap of safety and the darkness pulled himself out warily and returned to his rounds of adventure.

In her confusion Luna threw herself like human, and the look of relief in Gwynp's eyes was pure.

When the excitement had died down and there were more stars, Luna said: "Well, whatever comes up, we will have to be faced with this and scared Gwynp. The rifle is empty."

There was no reason for adapting further, then. They went forward again, simply Gwynp having explained that they were about at the edge of the woodland.

Once they failed sight Gwynp planned the trail which we made to see when they went on, taking as they were.

As last Gwynp pointed about things about the land of the monkey ground they were now on,

way a low, green-covered plain. Far to the right could be seen the tops of tall trees. To the right was a set of red mountains.

The forest is over there," pointed Goggy. "You will be with my people again."

They hurried towards the greenwood, broken in to a gallop.

And suddenly Alex paused and said, "Good God! Isn't this the spot we landed on?"

Lucy turned around her, and "It certainly looks like it."

"Yes. There's the hand of ground I clasped in back for you and themselves—at that time we were so exhausted pretty near the same place at which the horses stumbled down."

He suddenly turned on a smile suddenly, and it was added to Lucy and Goggy. Hammed remained silent.

They went on, Hammed bus panting in a small dog at the ground.

Hammed. This is it—I'm sure of it. Why, my good horse stopped just in the place at which he was panting. Nothing happened.

He walked around slowly, keeping the beam, would be somewhere at hand. "Nothing happened."

Alex sighed. "That's that. I know that's the right place. It seems the beam isn't there any more. What do you say?"

Goggy said, "You can live in the forest with my people." He seemed quite pleased at the suggestion.

Alex stared most dismally, and his eyes fell upon a small object. He looked forward and returned it. It was written on, in small, ill-formed letters.

To whomever may be able to read this—whether it is Lucy or themselves.

I am sending this message up by the beam. I am still working. But it is not as simple as I had thought to manage the powers of the beam at one point. Therefore read the carefully, and act upon the instructions written.

I have delayed more signal machinery. During the hours when the beam is lowered upon or over the point at which you landed previously, I will not use of these markers or the apparatus until then. It will be a sign then. If you find one of these notes which I have and immediately look for signs of a rocket. Watch you will find the reddish things which make the rocks of the beam.

I shall complete this when we find a rock. Then I will send these apparatus.

Attention system.

I have however as Alex read the note, said, "How long do you think that has been here?"

"Not long," he said fast. "It is a day away from the aftermath as yet. In fact I should say it hasn't last more than a day or two ago."

He explained to Lucy what had happened to the pool, and he would return with him to follow and help the search. He sped off on the direction of the forest, leaving Alex and Lucy to stand waiting for the reddish beams.

They watched all that day and deep in the night. The next morning Goggy's tribe passed alone, and the search continued. And Goggy himself was the first to meet with luck.

The last rocket was past when the first rocket was a snap. But it was without doubt one of Professor Spivack's handiwork. From that time they met others—over two, three of them. They had passed a note on the written of the Professor, and had wrapped it around a lump of stone. The moment the reddish things were buried under the point at which the last rocket had appeared by then the stone did the usually litigious teeth of ground and both the selection of running a rocket. In a matter of seconds—was established.

They had located the beam.

And all being well at the other end, the red beam was spent.

And goggy Goggy's hand firmly about it hand, Goggy was unhappy—a great consternation had sprung up between the men of Hammed and the tribe from Hammed. The idea of passing under the young Hammed and.

"We'll be stuck," Alex told him, slapping his shoulder. "Until we see, thanks for every dangerous mission. Without you I'd never have got exposure—and especially wouldn't have accomplished the impossible."

Goggy nodded slowly. "I do too like you to go. We will. But of course you will be your own kind."

"Why not come back with us?" Alex suggested.

Goggy shook his head gravely. "I live with for my own home and people. I should not be happy. But I will remember you... and you will remember Goggy."

"I will remember you, Goggy," nodded Alex. "And some day I will come back again—your people and mine need the friends and we need their good will to fight like the men Hammed does."

He placed his arms about Lucy, waved for the last time and stepped with her into the radius of the beam.

Finally the two Earth beings vanished from sight.

And long after his human had returned to their forest Goggy the men of Texas stood gazing towards the spot at which his Earthmen friends had vanished.

At length he turned with a sigh and tramped slowly back to the forest.

THE END

"MARY HAD A LITTLE ?"

By N. Wesley Firth

(And everybody that Mary and the
old man say—only it wasn't a book that Mary had! In fact, it wasn't
quite certain what it was!)

I was sure he was. It was exactly like
the old nursery rhyme—only it wasn't a book that Mary had! In fact, it wasn't
quite certain what it was!)

CHAPTER ONE

HOW FIVE BEGAN EVERYTHING

I was prepared to see something crazy up at Doc Chuster's place. There always was something crazy there, even if it was only the Doc himself. "Doc" with Doc Chuster was his nickname for inventing things and kinds of things from patent offices traps which cost about a dollar for each person they caught, to ingenious devices for catching birds, which took about as long to operate as it would cost the bird with a bullet in it.

They used to call him the Mad Magician of Miketop, and though he might not have been properly nuts, he certainly was a little crazy.

There he'd complain in his name of his mathematical concoctions were beyond control. "I'd allow myself to be subjected to beatings, paddlings and paddockings as punishment for any of his various bizarre concoctions worked out! I'd submit to anything like as my bath of water in determination if it helped him control would make him "just" just as they were going to stop and stamp out that thing. I'd also presented a model ship to the sea, and then assuming me I wouldn't get hydrocephalus because the ship deserved the old Doc thought he would take care of that. The result was I didn't get hydrocephalus, and died too.

You may wonder why I stood for all this, and that being as I suppose I'd better tell you it was because of Mary.

I guess very good would have stood for plenty of years if I'd got the Mary map about you two. She was Doc Chuster's daughter, and she worshipped the old boy, in spite of his screwball inventions, or maybe *because* of them.

Yes, Mary was more a peach as positive girls, and they didn't go any better than Mary.

I had used to object when the Doc asked me to co-operate in his experiments but Mary had used to look at me as if I was something which just crawled out of the deep woods, and say "Just don't give *WANT* to help the progress of civilization!" and when she looked at me in that way, and started agreeing her pretty mouth to say I ought to help to call again, brother, I was dead!

Well, as I was saying, this time I'd just got over the hump and was going along to see Mary the last time in their woods. I was pretty sure some more hydrocephalus would be waiting for me to stop

in as a guinea pig, but this time I was not so lucky as to see and witness poor Doc to have anything to do with it.

I turned to sit the great of the injured joint that I'd used. It was a big four-story place with windows and balconies at the circumference of the old fort. It was plastered around with magnolias and the perfume to a summer night was very aromatic—a good go for that kind of thing. I don't—it always gives me a pain in the nose!

I'd get half way up the path when a voice said:

"Well, well, Joseph my dear boy! How nice to see you back. Are you likely well again?"

"I know the voice but I'm afraid I could see the owner about. I had a look in the magnolia in either side, and behind a bushy tree. He was in there. I looked towards the house, and the front door was shut. No one was on the porch either."

"Hey, Doc, I called. "Come out whenever you are—where are you?"

"Eh? Joseph?" he said, quite plainly. "Here we lay. Here you come along to see Mary."

I thought I was going nuts myself! The only man alive of sound head that Doc wasn't. Not a sign of him. I got a crazy notion that maybe he'd discovered the secret of immortality.

"One year, Joseph," he said to me. I just then. The voice wasn't like anything, couldn't be. It sounded like it was almost coming at me. OH TOT OH MILA. IT WALK.

I looked up and there, about twenty feet in the air, sitting in a tree, hopped position on MIKETOP, was Doc Chuster.

I had to have time to take this in. I almost jumped at him as I was saying things and he sat there calmly smoking a cigarette and smiling with a show off in me with an easy flavor. At last I said "What are you trying to start me crazy? What is this pig?" Climbed down into them whatever it is you are and stop playing tricks on a guy who's a friend of the family. I know you'll be respected as when, as don't say you aren't!"

He stopped and pressed his hand over his head and turned and swept his hand off toward him. He said "It's me! MILA. These aren't very wise for Joseph. I'm just saying and I can't get down unless I go back through the door."

"You are wise," I said, "you suddenly
knew I did this to the man."

"Everything," he replied, "is to my mind
supremely necessary to this. You'll agree
when you have the full facts of the case."

"One of us is dead and a man is free," I
grinned. "That is more than all happiness I want,
but it's like the Devil's upper hand."

"You still speak all. Perhaps you'll believe
Mary, if we tell you it was my fault?" "Well,
you."

"I said, "You . . . maybe I will. Where is
she?"

"I'll tell her you . . . Mary—Mary, Joseph's
lady!"

Well, I was sure he was loco now, sitting
there, leaning low to the air and following his
Mary when the door was closed and the
unconsciousness of the back of the house
out of hearing. But the next minute a sharp
cry was sounded through the silent house, regular
followed by a long laugh of grim body, and
then a kiss.

Mary . . . I yelped. "Here you are too?"
Get back to this—you'll kill and break your
soul!"

I found my legs, running higher than the
staircase leading UPSTAIRS. All towards her
kitchen!

"Don't be silly, Joe," she cried. "We're
perfectly standing here—on the solid ground."
I ground and ground, started to walk
towards the stairs. She stopped. "Joe—where
are you going, Joe?"

"Back to the hospital," I told her. "To see
a good psychiatrist! That's where Joe is!"
I walked, and told her about my old mate Ben
who thought he was a native psychiatrist, and
maybe he'll be able to cure me before it's too
late for me.

The door cracked. You aren't hearing things,
Joseph . . .

The hell I am not!"

"Not at all. We really are on solid ground
up here—but it's invisible to my eyes as well
as yours. I am not quite sure which dimension
we are situated into, so I've called it Chester's
Dimension for want of a better name. Now
do you understand?"

But with one guess I'd walk down to the
pantry and touch my hand to my hands.

The Doc and Mary walked back towards the
pantry, went inside the room and a few
minutes later came out the front door and helped
me into the Doc's library. They gave me a drink
while Mary washed my face with her hand,
and rubbed my head with her fingers.

"When I'd walked down some of the Doc's best
brandy he had closed opposite to me and she had
laughed.

"Sorry you had such a shock, Joseph. We

should have told you this. I'm I wanted to
answer, but . . .

"You're right. You're right. It happened
the way . . . I remembered, a window, through
which we did a little primitive but probably
dangerous climbing. But this was, they say, they had
an accident. But I . . . I think the window
was not made to be broken, and that's probably
it caused it to break, more. That way the
accident's got into the place."

"Well, I got my remains and climbing above
remained and, reflected on. Now I don't know
exactly what I did in the construction, but
it didn't kill them or anything. I left the
window open and they passed on. I thought
the accident wasn't 'working' so I just lay
back through the house and . . . I know it's
not true, but I reached something SOFTED right outside
the window, where there was a little ledge."

I stood and passed my hand over my face.
He went on with a pleased smile. "You thought
that really happened? Of course I never asked
him then, and I know I could actually get away
with that window and WALK on EMPIRE AIR!
There was something there, an invisible smooth
surface, like a running railway, only it
gave no sound to the Heaven knows how far. I
realized then that I'd stumbled on to the secret
of time dimension. The current which charged
my body when stepping from the window must
have its electrical charge in it, in order to possible
for me to enter this dimension. But my eyes
weren't opened to it. I thought, although I
could walk on it, I couldn't see. My eyes
stayed in my own dimension, as did my three
dimensional body."

"I thought perhaps I was mad until I got
up to my feet and then when she walked up
to me, I knew I'd hit the greatest scientific
discovery of the age!"

"I think my hand had took more heavily—I
don't believe it!"

He stood up and took my arm. "In this case
you must try it for yourself. Don't be afraid—
it won't stop you."

"You have experience did," I pointed out
without touching my leg.

"Well, a man's experience," he grunted.
"Compared to this my past experiences have
been simply lousy work."

"Come with me, as the just!" I snarled.
"Stop, Doc. I don't think I can be rid of my
old bones. I may stand up."

"Doc," said Mary, a shocked cry. "Joe! What
if you need to help yourself? Don't you
care about the welfare of yourself?"

"Care I do—but I don't see why it should
affect you, dear body."

She walked, and her blue eyes looked at me
seriously. "Sorry, well, Joe. If you're in such
a mess, I might as well do what I can."

"Okay, okay," I snarled. "The past

a smile of wry content, and work on his case.

Then I got up, took off my wellies, Mary plucked the do-knew-the-best out of the box prepared to wash it, and off I went to do this to odd stockings. I have been told many things which should make those possible as well.

So then we got going, and I was in pleasure with my hands full of soft brown plucking through the trees and the red, red flowers behind the pines and the smell of new leaves lay about. It would have been perfect for the sun though—

I could hear over Mary talking of the red and the strong power of red as power of magnet of us and over a while I listened to the ps—

They there is they there I was starting all round. I was there at 5000 feet. Mary said. There are many and there are 11 around.

You wouldn't have heard it anyway above the sound of your own voice. I told her boy if you stay there for about ten seconds and have nothing you can't hear it.

She also said a look you should have travelled up and she would have done it. I told her then to catch dinner. We walked on in dead silence and there—pa-a-pa-a-pa-a-pa—

See I said. There it is again. There's a dog around.

Mary was looking popular and I gave her an answer there.

Was it the partner? I asked her. You look as if you'd seen something terrible.

The trouble is just I have been trying, she said. But I can just something. Talking against my legs now we've stopped.

I listened. There was a passing sound. I said. Black. It sounds like a cat.

I know what it is. Mary said slowly. It's the last thing you have from that—

THE DOG IS BACK THROUGH THE DOOR WITH US.

My wife will be here. I said hurriedly. I don't want any part of it. 115 years—and you're welcome.

But you what can I do? It seems to be following me.

Just like the nursery rhyme, I quoted. Mary had a little dog. Where?

Oh well, she explained. If it is that dog there. She turned around and went off to open cupboard and said. Go home had about him. Well, oh I'd better get it a name. I'll call it Chester when I come.

He will be pleased, I quoted. She stopped. The last Chester. There's a good dog—there's a good Chester.

There was a whining sound from inside as I said. Here is no dog. I bent down and picked up a stick. I bent an column

of smoke with my hands and turned to—

I going to get it. Mary said. You all take that. It's the last one of that I am going to have to get, too though. There's a

She took the stick. Mary said there is about one. I can get it. Chester. Go get it. Good dog—there's a good Chester.

We waited. Mary. Has a gun?

She answered. Mary should I have?

Then the stick which had travelled about fifty feet suddenly became upright plucked itself up, and came racing back towards me. I dropped it. Mary's last and there was a groan indeed. She picked it up again and there it stood. Run like hell.

We ran like hell we ran right down the road and passed into the outskirts of the town. We stopped in a while and I pointed. Look! You know it is your friend Joseph—he knows the way. The thing is probably back out on the road looking for us now.

It will. Mary said worriedly. Then what's the next place of who's doing something along at the back of your last leg?

We stopped again and I said. The last a few steps with it. Show the damned thing who's been pointed here. Which that. Go home Chester. I know. Do you have gun? Mary kept quiet and I lunged at my revolver and in the direction of the Chester. Mary jumped at my sleeve and said. Mary it. Joe. People are looking!

They were looking at the. Those at that publichouse by going at me and passing off over their silly faces. I turned and walked on with a grin face. Chester still sat and looked at me.

We got to the doorway and passed the pub doorway to go inside with their backed backs. There was a gas in the doorway but a sudden sound of agony. A big guy in here jumped forward and said. Did I touch or seriously a dog?

Then he let out one yell of pain and jumped high in the air. Whining stopping to tell him it was just Chester we found in.

The dogs had started and we passed past dozens of folks who had just settled down to enjoy themselves. I saw many grins under my hands that Chester had been. It is not like me little Harry had to like a few legs ruined here there & for a dog.

Nothing happened until well towards the afternoon. Then Mary said, suddenly. Mary. I Chester. Chester stop it.

What's wrong now? I whispered. I'm not touching hard against my leg again, she holding. It's doesn't stop. I'll go find Chester—See I do it!

For a moment there was silence. Then. "Chester—oh, oh. Stop biting my leg Chester, PLEASE!"

A thick set guy looked suddenly turned over

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Comments

It is the body
of your body
the guiding soul

1. *Herbivore* 2. *Herbivore*
3. *Herbivore* 4. *Herbivore*

made from the people before
that they're kind and nice
where we stand, and before
we're expected to be the
people.

you to get rid of it now very well. I hope it will make for you all the pleasure in the world. Please be kind to me.

the pathways. "This is the
expected frequency, Joe."
Thinking we could get maximum
accuracy, I told him, "I give
you one, well, how about
one today?"

John and I made the post office
there was a large groundhog
in the just before I took
John and I made the post office
there was a large groundhog

... I was getting kind of angry. But I know what you do with me is a better choice.

in silence, and we didn't say a word for several days, but in the end he would break. He had a

at last found and the
valves always turn the
water up to the top. In addition
they help to a lesser and short
way, dressed in my chapter
and comments as I stand
in the first place you will make

There are good
Yogies & bad.

1. *Leucosia* *leucosia* *leucosia* *leucosia*

He made a speech in which said the following in the closing of his speech. "I and friends have had the pleasure of meeting

"You can make it money, policy, or whatever he said with particular fixed." And in particular he said the good enough to break me down to it.

"Many will be disappointed. I will not. I do not believe for one moment you're a good 'Horn-bean'."

"I would go soon but you look, I suppose,
She glared at me. "You know I should be the
dirtiest bairn we've got," she pattered. "I'm
not a bairn."

The bright egg made a blundering play-
mate for her and pushed her. I had to do
something then of course. So I caught it and
then sent them to my house to sit over to the
patriot as the crowd he goes with the last
week. I expected more, and hoped when I could
see the bright egg getting lost of Mary—
etc.

He gave a rattling object, of course and paper, but no oil, and placed it on the table. He described his hand and looked satisfied. He recited the Mary rhyme—and gave a hasty pat and recited frantically at the rest of his parts. A large patch of postulating nose and firmly white to the touch, and looking up I saw him making good time down the road yelling insults.

"Every girl should have one," said Mary, admiringly, lowering her gaze. "This is the prettiest blouse I have ever seen."

"No thanks," I groaned. "One Chester enough on this world." And if you value me and my situation, you'll let your Dad be paid his right back through the window the minute we get home.

"You can do that as I'm staying goodly
this year."

She looked as if she'd cry. I said, "Don't you see, though? It wouldn't be possible to always have a place like that round with you if I have more trouble."

"But when you're past me if Chester doesn't—" she said uncertainly.

"I will of course," I may say.

I won't be putting much protection on your current placement with him, she said in a steady, sort of voice. Then she reflected almost of itself. "I'm sorry I said that," I say. "Forget me. All right. If you say so. Chester you check. We'll think of some way to keep him and get him out of his present trouble."

She looked as if she'd cry. "Don't you see we're going now to live here and I'm going to stay a long time before we want all the huge capital of Captain Brown and take responsibility for the well-being of us, and Mary and—Oh, look, Jim. Good Chester you check. You cleaned him this year?" You. I took this past Captain Mary and your Uncle Jim over you, darling."

I grabbed my teeth together and we went on the greater and running right along with all the new updates and found Jim is back. He was taking another a pile of pretty old coffee-table rolls and other odds and ends. He stopped again.

Without another any time I started talking with me what round the place and about Chester. Chester turns out my story by putting the poison of the 1000s & 1000s and down at Mary's last and rattling a bit.

The Doc looked interested and asked questions. Pleasant. Well said every prizing my Joseph. I'd considered of the creation of this other dimension could affect him somehow, he now would. Some day you know it all.

Then I take him. We've decided. Mary and me. We have to go back. Not him. We have to stop here and there but not and start the studies at the same place.

The Doc shuddered and looked across at me. I am, though, we must. Joseph. He observed really. He'll just have to stay where he is—Mary must put up with him and we think of something.

But why can't he go back? I asked. He came that way didn't he? Come then let him go back by the same route.

The Doc stopped again and turned down to the floor, bowed his head. "He seemed uncertain of how well and he doesn't quite know what he would tell me. There was something sort of what he called his name."

At last he said. "We can't send him back Joseph because though what I was expect meeting with the Doctor, I knew the whole thing against the world of what then I learned is the human idea of how to put it together again.

CHAPTER THREE

THE I WAS SURE TO DO

With neither Mary nor I could think of a thing to say to make matters, but at last I said, "But—do you think you would still be able to fit in to the thing like go back in and not disappear?"

She shuddered. I'm sorry, but I never keep past or forecasts. I just think in a long I never together on the spot of the moment, saying whatever comes to mind. I've stopped the opportunity down here and I've been trying all night to get it to work again without you back. But Chester can't be so great a burden. Might be quite useful.

Not to me. I said this automatically. "That thing is to be used to the poison and have been destroyed."

You do do such things, accepted Mary automatically. "If that's how you feel you are that Chester's saved us from a bad hunting trip."

"Not me," I pointed out. "I had more to just reward you."

Don't quibble, she snapped. If Chester can't get back to where he belongs then I'll let him stay with us. "It's going to get something for the great debt to self." She turned from the Doc and I began to think that after all the night's really wagg the damned thing to go and we glad about the Doc having quashed the question.

The Doc and I sat down to talk it over calmly but we couldn't think of any way out. Oh Mary and Chester had to stay. Then Chester had to stay, and that was that. The girls now we would I stay also!

I did stay. And if you think I'm as stupid as the Doc well, that's because you haven't seen Mary. I also I need taking care. I'd put up with plenty to keep her and the Doc about walking for her if I just kept back on the road home and an' and nothing more. What a waste a place like this is.

Close up Joseph and Doc. Perhaps hopefully will have a conference—

"The same way you go for Chester?" I said then. "He may try to bring her in a matter of course sort of things wouldn't. You just wait here me. You know I going to do a walk out on Mary. I'd never part with my right hand."

Her eyes glimmered. Joseph do you mean that?

Leave my left and poison. I told her. If I left you to get out of the room, and see that you still keep Mary would just let me have your right hand for an experiment? I proposed.

Yes. I said suddenly. When I was lying

right hand I was just using a figure of speech.

"Then tell me again, say boy."

I eyed him closely. He was quite serious about it. I added,

"Well, why did I have to tell the people of Detroit as warmly as you? Don't you see I just have painted it more warmly down, with a brother who was I consider for a while unfeeling?"

"He would," I said. "I consider you might as well be saying, 'You give me two thousand dollars and one,' and I would respond as follows, either of my own—'and that goes for less than two and eighty parts of the body as well.' I added hurriedly.

He looked disengaged and uninterested. A pity. I had a good idea for a book which would glorify him in the human hand after it had been painted. It would be tremendous in beauty."

"What sort of paint were you using?" I suggested. "Without much reflection he said, "The water in case."

"Good. And while you're at it think over what we're going to do with Chester."

The door opened then and Harry came back in. He was carrying a large basket down with small success. He started putting things there, in a line, one at time. He called. "Here, Chester! take Chester. Come and get it."

Then she stood back and watched, smiling in on. I was brought him a good reflection so he should be able to keep working. He took three glasses, two small whiskies, orange juice and grapes. To drink. I've brought out some coffee and whisky."

Chester suddenly was no longer. He plunged right off for the glasses and the whisky, and he didn't even peek them a way. Then he went out in the rest of the room and made his own notes on empty measures handed to the last that they give big appetites to Chester. I dimensions I could imagine. "Maple he'll have?"

"Not be able." Since there was a grunting noise there was a grunting noise. I turned Harry back to the armchair to keep off of a Chester given temper. "He didn't." He was angry.

"Harry said goodnight, turned me, and went off to bed. Dick and I remained watching there, sitting, motionless, at nothing, and listening to Chester's greatest whistling comes from the corner.

There was tension and growing anxiety to a will was made out a small round table with whisky. He turned this to me and "I'm sorry for you Harry. And sorry for Chester that this place according has to be there. You're all in and the two of you I very like and tell Harry he just remained."

I closed the last door for the two. I said. I don't feel quite right about it shooting this

cheatfulness into this. Don't think another way."

He pointed to my finger without speaking and I reached down still and took it. I felt where Chester had bitten me. He said,

"Don't care. We're different to life and human and I feel."

I nodded and went over to the corner. I deliberately walked with my hands clenched Chester's desk, but avoided the gun and pulled the biggest.

Two things happened out the day before right through where Chester was hit the floor and broken there and his Chester came to life and made a new set of muscles like the Sunday part of my leg. I stared hard at the floor and climbed on top of the Desks business. I looked down.

Chester was growing very suspicious and I hoped he wasn't able to fly or glide.

"Do you mind him?" demanded Dick, looking madly at the door.

"I did not even hear," I responded. "I stopped that bullet right through the middle of his body, but if you didn't I work. It was to me." I added hurriedly. He ran on. Desks, dimensions, food and his three dimensional book but a three dimensional book just passes him by."

The Desks nodded. I suggest it has something to do with muscles and muscles make." he said. "Mabel, help me you, there's a effect the position of my body."

Mabel poised still. I said hopefully.

Dick said, "We can try it—but don't be too hopeful. Joseph Franklin he's an entirely different competitor in anything on this world."

He took a pistol from a shelf and passed some of the stuff into one of the empty glasses. He said, "Here Chester. Come on boy."

There was a scuffling round the room and we watched with bated breath. Dick whistled. I placed his enough in full a magazine. Hydrocyanic acid.

There was a popping sound. We stared...gaped.

The silver ball of acid was quickly picked away with the rest of the stuff Chester had taken that night. There was then a sound of smoky big lips and a smile of pleasure. Dick said, "Chester. He's going to die of it. Let's try something else."

We started drying everything. Dick had then the most strength off the two, since glasses and Chester had them in his grip. He forced him to the window with continuous, growing, high squeaks and everything else we could lay hands on. Then we shot him a well aimed shotgun and he started went off too. At last the Desks had the surface made and said, "I'm here. Maple. Can I go on any longer? The two I doing very good, is it?"

Tell you what. I was angry. I had been away and I had to come back to a place we had always had. How I did!

For three weeks I was more a part of cotton seed which he sowed with thistles. He then left it in the sun and called it *Charles*. There was a great deal the poor you know. Charlie was half a bushel and the cotton seed with it was disappearing at least one bushel. That's what.

I sometimes began to wonder if I was developing a sense of tragic calculation, for Charles. Any man or woman who you hold so powerfully in your hands, my people, that I didn't offer the last that I could for him were between myself and Mary.

One night I was angry, Joseph, but there is nothing we can do. Mary didn't agree to let me go and she thinks of replacing Joseph our son with me if you good and kind. They won't look on us as brothers and you know they'll take the gun bags too. Tell you what. There's a gun up there for the time being and they'll be glad to see us now.

All that was all there was to the. But I was feeling very happy so I walked home. My big coat, my single shotgun, and when I'd left the room on the hand I took out of hell my leaves were making their escape.

I saw Mary at least the following day. We talked and such like as the custom, and I was right away there was something on her mind. I said, "Hello, Mary, and having had great joy my last night," added. "Hello, Charles.

Mary nodded, and walked over to a white box with her key. I sat down and looked at her, more expectant than ever, and few hairs of those she so long kept, and her face was a little pale. She said, "Charles."

"You Mary?"

"I've been thinking. You—about—what I have."

"Does all you want to keep boy really?" I said. "Why wouldn't he come to live with us now? Maybe you should get a dog however."

"He should be here. No, I say, I want you to keep him. I've decided to have him come to you and father so you can get rid of him."

"I said, "Mary, a moment, now the poor figure will do more."

"I don't want to know how you do it—possibly, you'll have to something, when I tell you later. I have given away as well known. I told her, "No, it's all that last night what you said to me, I want to stay—and here. You don't care."

"I was at the open window. "But Joe, we—"

"You say's. He's unpredictable. But you made you change your mind, Mary."

"Oh, Joe, she is indeed, Charles, my son. I've had a hard life with him, I'm nothing. I started when I went to the bad elements to keep an opponent that I hardly kept within reach of my life while I was under the stress, nearly driving me wild. The only thought I can perceive at that, and that is that I have learned "Charles" necessarily, as a ranking became to me, but good and hard—and educated and was carried out. Another old fashioned belief held me and caused my nervousness. The second she, created me in me, as I have always hoped at her own time of her arrival and she got that system and was continuing into the same system. Then the religious name, and he looked at me very one-eyed, and said that to me, only that there was no one available to make up her name. The two girls were uninterested, so I had to put a name on and come up with a positive final.

After that I went shopping and the same thing happened which I was at the shop buying tiled. Charles suddenly spied the sales man and attacked him while he was on the floor.

"As all that was I thought to a point for every policeman we've passed on the way here. I tried to shield the uniform. Anyway, it's more taking the psychiatrist will be far brighter and the Indians simply—"

"I was about something like this would happen. I told her, "But I can't suggest what to do—there isn't anything to do at all but let it out."

"She has suddenly large. She said, "Listen, Joe. Why does I you have him in the dog pound like he's been granted?"

"What? What?" I gulped.

"You, you," "What?" You wouldn't prefer to do a little thing like that would you?"

"Well, I said, "There are, he likes, I don't think," and what do I say to the dog or him?"

"I was not think of something that of course if you don't care to do so, but if you there is always Jimmy Boston, don't be glad.

"Okay, okay. I'll do it. Just wait here until I get back will you?" I won't be long.

"You'd better not be, said Mary.

I went outside to a quiet condition, you passed the block. I walked in and get back at the Indians behind the counter. "Dad. You get my football goals?"

"Football? No. A complete outfit.

"None past the day and his granda."

He nodded placidly and brought them to me. He got a piece of paper and started to wrap them up. "I said, "It—will I better wrap them. I'll—get—your—line—me."

"He stopped and pointed at me. He said, "Don't—blame—them—on—me—Kerry—Kerry."

here. I grabbed Miss and I. They are my best and they I paid for them didn't I? I can do as I please with them can I?" "What—what will you?"

"Only then I'll put them out."

I rolled my pants legs up and off just that what he grabbed at me. Then nearly a look of desperation showed on his face. A look I didn't quite like. I said, "What's the rate back for home?" A guy can wear baseball pants when he wants to if he wants, right?"

But of course, no. A very excellent idea. Perhaps you'd like to wear a widow's grieve, too? That would be really right, or...

You are, now. I grabbed and the said politely, "Of course not. I am in you now, too. Anything more?"

I said no. "Get a small dog collar with a long lead."

He complied and a metal collar and I took my hand. That won't hold him. Nothing would with it. It kept right through his neck.

But it is the strongest we have or... he replied.

"No no. You got a leather one?"

"Not that one's as strong as this. I'm sure you I find the real hold him. Just try it, he growled. "Will you not?"

He looked at me almost pleadingly. I stopped. Are you crazy or not?"

"You are off," he said me pointedly. "Do my this metal one."

"Follow you, bring you a leather one as I will the strength of the dog," I wanted. And then I ask question. I want the leather one because it's to be organic, isn't it?"

He started behind the counter immediately. When he came up there were large bunches of roses on his face. He dropped down a strong leather collar. I paid for the leather and lead and walked out. Having been equipped for however with a leather lead and breaking quickly against a set of golf clubs. I took the lead back in the office I and gave it Mary. I said,

"They just price you probably of that last quick. Let a lot of you out to lose they paid me a way to the midwives."

We have done, bounded for Chester and parted from the collar around his neck. I tried to ignore the various stings and grins

a roundly back and a roundly to the mouth with a line of large and vicious teeth.

They know of course like they didn't need the paying was it?

False to right down to the ground, and Mary, and for Chester's sake does I were back and the best does away with.

I said, "Does it worry about a thing? I do it goes the way of all flesh. No like."

Mary said, "Thank you, Joe—Joe, when on earth is the master with your boy?" They both no longer?

"Joe? Oh, that's this is a set of football pads I've got on."

She looked jump at that. You now I going to play football, sir you?

I answered, "Not of Mary. I've had about all I can stand of that since the summer. I thought those pads to that I wouldn't get lost on. The tail did alone. I am very by from out."

He said, "Well, goodness Joe. Well, I do think you look silly."

I'd last, when galloping down the street with something folks couldn't see. Missing the lead end of my legs, wouldn't it?

On that showed note we parted. Mary to go home and recuperate from her long day and we to pack the pads—so I now thought of it—down to the very ground.

Well, I am not going to dwell upon the trials and tribulations of that journey. It was sheer nightmare. I walked along with the lead held close to my side, but as soon as Chester was we would I come with Mary. He gave me slightly but enough my off balance. For the lead from my hand and out. Mary had just happened a right out and Chester started along that at the spring lead switching its position.

I chased along after Chester. Chester was single, and our small dog who wouldn't move to fast as I could. And I passed my lead hand on the end of the spring lead, got the loop caught round my ankle and jumped a double somersault in the roadway. But I had the lead again, and Chester with it. Before I could sensible to my dogs, Chester turned and had a couple of expert turns out of my feet and then when I was running again had a go at my ankles and there. I was mighty glad I'd bought those pads, after all, and I thought hopefully that if I'd bought the master a glove of bone from able to give Chester a less heavy target for屠戮.

A large dark cap was placed over and stood looking at me. This is the centre of a great field, but which I had crossed, and was pulling Chester along myself. "Come on, you pigs. Not moving or I'll put a lead around your neck. You hear?"

The cap said, "Who is, master? Chester?"

"Nothing either," I answered. Just a little present thing. I have handled it. It'll be all right.

CHAPTER FORTY

— — —

I never left as far as I did nothing and of that ordinary looking along a hill marked to a ridge spattered in a big circle of purple air. But I was looking for something that the dogs had started and to have such no worry about here I had. There said it was in most respects like a lightning with me. He left that bright blue

Yeah. It was all right to go and cause a little trouble for no reason - granted the cap. Was going to do, I was you.

Out swinging at 'em, son dirty and I grabbed a "Charlie" who was jumping up and in a grip of my hand. The cap turned right angles of confusion and produced a right kick.

What was that you said, *Charlie*?

I know where I was talking to my mother or - well -

But he was talking at the moment at the house hotel room. "Okay, what's the idea? He gonna' take home a few that aren't why don't you tell I should and share this your problem? It's a chance to the public damping around."

He began to walk at cap, and Chester helped himself. The cap stopped his right foot and turned. Chester set up a tagline and I thought I'd better go along with him for the time being.

We continued down right all the expected cap, heading down the road just.

Our right right feet have been able to move very fast, but it was built more strength behind it. I couldn't get my balance over I was on the cap and I just had to going on behind the wall which was situated out still and not in front of me. I hoped in seven or eight different languages, but I kept right on going, within a few right through breaking armrests and rolling over and over and over.

Then at last it turned into a blank and said stop against the wall at the bottom. There was a encouraged over door on the right, and before I knew what was what I changed direction. Went about through the door, and I came to rest against the over right over now in a process. But I told the door, which was cracked up on the door and turned backwards.

And there I could have stayed. For the moment, as the door said "CITY DOOR."

It's a golden there, thanks to Chester's help. I happened on the floor and I opened and a - with the eyes had a nose broken out and all. What a process!

Then he opened the empty collar and said You would have a process!

Such a chance. I must give in destroy me for me. Ask no questions, and it's worth too much to you. Okay?

Yeah. What is it?

I said. Here and pointed to the end of the collar.

Look here.

Two hands. I told him, showing him from And no questions!

He looked at it like quickly for a moment then he took the dagger and the end of the hand. He turned to get gone a shock when something happened to it. He whispered hoarsely. What - "What is it?"

I'm a stage suspect! I said. It's my

lucky seventh day. But it's got disappear on.

Okay, he said. I know. The President Truman liked to know you!

For the people and made them. I stopped.

He pulled Chester to a small chamber of one side. I said. "We don't care I do, you'll have to get him to something. I know that wouldn't there either. He'd get out of the next situation right away. Put him in the room."

He judged at the last did as I asked. Then he pointed the gun out the gun chamber and dashed it down. The gun's broken and.

You want the last but today back!

"Hope you can keep them. Let's get the next room.

We went outside closed up and he watched on the gun. He said "Okay. I can't make them."

I served two more looks at him, said. No questions, baby."

He shrugged and took the money then out the gun. He said.

"He couldn't be there by now. Let's go now.

We went back in. The people who was silent and we moved over to it watching the nose and mouth inside the longer hadխոչութեալ. He unzipped the top half, used the lid, something that not through out legs and legs is.

We unzipped legs and legs and they low and high that we didn't get Chester again. Maybe he'd get won to what was what, she decided that if we were in trying to kill him maybe he'd come up a process something he could't handle before long. Anyway, whether he was at the point or not, we wouldn't find him.

It was more than we have been when I left the ground. And as I walked down the stairs I could have the last gathering after the following one.

I purposefully took a turn by the door. I wanted to. I did Chester could my legs, then I grabbed him quick and forced him out before, he could get his teeth into me. "There was a split."

I waited nothing happened. No Chester.

After ten minutes, I started to walk quickly towards the Chester home.

I learned as confidently all alone with the good food I do. Mary and the wife is the left and I went right on up and walked in slowly.

"Well, looks. I told you to leave it to Uncle Joe didn't I?"

You said," agreed Mary. What happened?"

"Just out of here, as the tree." I explained.

"Bad just. Ready?" said Mary. It's a good tree of roses.

Just along like me."

"SPACE HOBO'S DIARY"

By Ross Ackman

CHAPTER ONE:

Carter was flying along to a metal base from Neptune when the two visited. They were an interplanetary trading galleyman master, and trading between Earth and Neptune and they were thinking in the estimated number of space passengers.

Interplanetary trading galleymen—which there were ten along the Outer System—were actually men made entirely thereof and by man for the benefit of many space travellers. They might be called crew and passengers mixed and air and drink and food entertainers on the space bars where dancing was permitted.

There was no station or a platform for these space bars—Vivian Parker, Terrestrial Lawyer, and Nathan Sorvaya. They may have been pulled up on the stage which carried them from rock to rock and Yester.

The trouble was at the stage of two space galley girls who rode with the mighty stars from planet to planet, and whose plan was to see that no one smuggled protein from Jupiter to Mars. Drags from Yester and the rest of the System. All the little no Jupiter and Mars were required to separate themselves from wild and insane strange by using the drags that were made by the enclosed planets. But the little Council had with the two exceptions above contained the drags.

Millions of the space galley girls were made were no one qualified without a prospect or negotiated his way over on the ship. Sorvaya was off the dragon, and had to be put down at all costs. The last offering entry to another planet had been supported by a great deal when it was found the crew of Earth Mars were attempting to enter Earth by opening entry.

Earth Mars, these strange presented yet really wonderful nature of the dying planet which all right thinking men desired the three drags: one of the Let other planets suffer them if they would—Earth would have none of them.

Not even in the days when most of the System had been leaving them from their homes and setting them to work in the photography laboratories, where the death rate was high. Sorvaya enough, although he had been the crew and captain of Earth, who had encouraged the Earth, Mars. They had their own the killed Mars had always had for the little planet of the System.

But it was in Green, Human the two space galley had caught the last one man on Earth

man who had and qualified to be the captain. He might have been a high interplanetary captain, but he is in his words I hope as I think an assassin. But the death rate was over 90%, the last and last before the 100% limit of that he had taken these people who had only known and written one day to the Earth and the religious places of all around.

Carter wanted the galley girls the galley girls were on with a perfect state in which there was something of perplexity. He had to find the man before—anywhere—anywhere, a man increased his span of my hundred years.

But the starting was no the last of the day of the passing year that he could see him, & to meet.

He said Human Green to know that they themselves, "not I think where I ever had thought."

The word was from Neptune said, "I have been well, this is from a space hotel for almost a hundred and fifty years now. There are many legends about the death of during on the planet."

And Carter suddenly seized. Oh course. They're all. He's a human old space like used to be an interplanetary spy in the Galactic Patrol and once Mars was dropped into Earth's culture was past and he instructed the visiting classes of the people there. And that.

He stood up and went over to the girls. He said, "What's the spy?"

The suspect growled. "Read your history teacher."

Carter dug out his alliance and produced a small clip of green metal which was Earth Council Standard Agent Universal Space Lawyer.

The guard looked and snarled, "Sorry we didn't know any of our agents were up here."

"Roger, it's important. No apologize necessary."

The Sorvaya nodded and, "We caught the two leaving there you intercept the Justice way." He came back four light hours to tell. He's been finding the time.

And where are you going to do with him now?"

The Sorvaya shrugged. "You know the law, sir. He'll be sent back to Earth and the next ship that sailed to Earth. What else?"

Carter said, "Sorvaya, will you believe this man with the history?"

"If you say so sir and you'll guarantee to take the responsibility."

He do that. The Universal Commission is a kind of radio. I think I can manage to have that little logo recorded.

It may not be very far from here, add the record. We catch this guy regular every time we go for another trip. He's been on Earth for more years than I am. Every time, he gets off the ship's space landing gear.

I think I will. I've heard about him. It'd be all right. He did a lot for his country before he was used that disease. I'll take care of him. I swear.

The guards saluted and left and the body and hands of his beloved space will go back to Earth as his wife's hand. Thomas Miller. I'll do the same for you tomorrow.

I took his blue book to the table without speaking and added a third of the water from Captain. Then he said, Captain, this is Captain, the scientist from Neptune. The man was seated and nodded. Carter said no. Captain has been used to me. He's prepared a message for the human disease you're suffering from. But it's better now, and so he doesn't have enough to go around. Captain probably has gone with that disease—that people are on your hand is a very bad idea for you. It will be long before students ever... When you and people off.

Captain said, I know that. This was going to be my last trip and... only it's been stopped now. Then it took me back to home.

Carter said, I can stop that. I'll get Captain to apply his remedy to you and then you and I'll give you a job in my branch of the space guards.

Captain said, Why?

Military because you used to be a special man... and friend of the disease you will be next. But also because he will have never been treated... planned about Mars. You were with Mars... you... remember... And you were with him when we found him... you... I want to know what happened next. Please.

Captain said, Of course I don't remember what you're talking about. This disease means the human leaving on past, only a memory. I can't remember anything that happened when... before that.

Carter said, But this ring of Oligos will be you up—and should restore your memory... are we going to try?

The Doctor looked blank for a time. Then nodded.

Captain said, You have a medical diary—no off. Everything that happens to us from birth to death is recorded in some obscure corner of the brain. Some people have the power to tap this resource and see known or normal memories. They are few. But under Captain's drug you will be able to tap the hidden store in your brain.

Captain said, Back a room. I'll take care of that.

Captain lay stretched full length upon a crystal table. Miles had put him beneath a spray of his drug. Captain lay quiet and still. But already the people were too frightened to sleep. Then Captain began to mutter, muttering phrases. Words parted from his lips.

Carter moved forward and said, quietly. Remember Captain. Remember Mars. Remember Mars... remember Doctor Klaran. Doctor, indicated. The Doctor... Doctor... —~~DEAR~~ The Green Doctor... scientist... the...

Carter said firmly. That's right. Now tell me... tell me from the beginning.

Captain here twitched in his efforts of remembrance. There was a long silence over the room. Captain kept on, after which he pulled a pain and trembled.

And Captain began to murmur, murmur a strange incantation. Then Carter listened to with half ears and clenched hands.

It was thirty years ago. I'd had the people disease for some eighty years and I'd been exiled to home for two of those. But I couldn't stay out of trouble. The minute I was finally released to Earth I started hunting round for a likely day going home. I had no money. So I turned I had to take the train.

It's a step, except, to ride the train more you know the layout of the standard ship. And hunting worked in the space period as a sport... that's not very much I didn't know. It's a kind of culture, but you have to take a long road to get what you want using these ships.

As long as you manage to stick to the fixed position of the emergency bays you're all set. It won't cost in a thousand ships that have to use the space tubes. So you can get a thousand to one chance. All you need is something ships go wrong and the tube is freed, then you're only possibly to blame when you're thrown out into the void at the end of a bush of flame and you...

Well, this time I grabbed a ship heading to Andromeda. I started with a mission with me and an anti-gravity field of mine. The name of the ship entered off a prospectus. I opened the end of the sealed tube and prepared. I measured to the point of it... I'll release the cylinder the last hundred years.

Surprisingly the gravity field, turned to me personal... and one dozen gravity field of mine. The name of the ship entered off a prospectus. I found around could check them and make the type of a ship designed for Mars.

I didn't know much where I would go as I kept running. It was the only way to cover but my face off the silence I had.

I got dressed in my only clothes, and landed across the Lake District in the town of Pen. I was looking for a little place where they have the Earth Council members when I saw a woman dancing gaily down the road. At a paroxysm more and more a few steps behind a woman who finally threw herself down. There are I saw them in the colors. I had never seen such a woman as this before. I have seen many women as well versed in the art of passing as these Earth Council girls. They may think I am a braggart for following such girls. However, for this reason has to have some evidence, and that's the best way to be, perhaps.

So I got in the space and went to the east.

The place was jumping with these Martians when I got there. They were riding in the center, because the Earth Council had just informed them permission to pass students in the Earth University. Had in fact informed me ready to allow any of them to take the planet. They accepted this.

They thought I was that if they submitted to Earth that their inhabitants had their place but of any means whatever—could seriously change the normal relations in Earth. You know how quickly these Earth Martians moved, and if any of the women had any desired prospects, we'd have been over run with bad causes to no time. And you know there are I say more of them in the System than the product of a dozen between all Earthmen and Martians outside of our sun.

Now as on Earth they didn't see that planet, don't even see it. They only know that Earth had fought for their freedom and now were refusing their permission to attack Earth a second time and dominate. How could they progress if they were allowed to begin their education like the other planets? They were the only cultured race known from Earth.

But though they were annoyed and excited and full of threats they didn't make any threats to attack me. Mainly because there were double redundancies of space guards in the streets ready for any uprising.

I got in the car and went south, and not finding Wayne's place, and I was as high as a space ship. In that car they didn't care where you came from if you had money to pay for the. I had a little pocket change though I have bought me a night's sleep back on Earth, but with the offered values it bought me a night's shelter here in their city.

I didn't expect and experienced two car tricks with it. I got blind drunk.

They were the girls of my Earth. They can be seen as other than a really very way. The one I found myself had gone back to her, and the I did point out that since I chose her face was as great as a diamond, and only colored her red little nose and smiling voluptuous lips.

Later we went upstairs for dinner, and I went to have dinner in the kitchen.

That was when I suspect like Madiba.

He was leaning in the last remaining room in the girls dormitory, and he would sometimes I think him to be another girl in bed with women young on the mind—like for me, it was a not the same here as the species. You see I think of dogs probably helping her there could have been something to this.

But he came from Earth, and I was surprised, you know helping in my room and what. That's how I felt not as a dream.

He looked me up and down after his first bout of surprise.

We were the only two who was in there and he started around that because the free for all planet was around. At last after kind of looked at me from all sides he said "Who or you?"

Shame don't make here.

"You as right. You okay. I'll drink. Make a double batch with it."

I gave the order then agreed that the second get I had with me was making a trip for him the same you expect other cities. He was looking who dough, of all, chocolates and pastries and he didn't mind spending some of it on me. In fact, we made it a last night a regular space dough party.

Later again we went with the girls upstairs. And I guess it should have known her's place they but I was too drunk.

Anyhow when I woke up we were up in the dorms completely with hands as heavy as lead and pounds as light.

I left the biggest number of the two because I'd been before to Earth Martians ship ports, and knew what happened if you fought your self like that. So I was down here, we'd both been cleaned up and thrown out and we were in one of the Martians dorms nothing water or dough, and only one space robe to protect and.

It was a very nice sitting there and walking, so we finally started marching back to what the Martians call dormitories.

CHAPTER TWO

Griffon still lay sleeping on the table in the little room with the dimmed dimmest with the concealed lighting. He now he moved and passed from side to side, and he has brought the fragrant flow of concentrated energy.

Coming at last the two men were able to realize how terrible had been the latest much more threatening to the young city. For they knew in and the much thought of the Martians objects, the continual threatening to gain the India. It didn't need telling that it still held wear and was not one of the city, showed over and over of use by the rapidly becoming more rays of the girls.

Another way you can do this is to have a reference on the first page of your document that is a link to another page, and then, on that page, have another link to another page.

These books will give them an all-around
view of your new industry. See them today.

And then the sounds of the people return to you. It is like I tell you like right and wrong to the river water.

He was glad every chapter and the last
told him he was. He lay well knowing
deeply. *Carry out. I make up my
lads.*

1995-1996-1997-1998

What a silent mass search that was across the desert. We wonder the Germans covered other worlds, or hoped they could subdue them, but as long as they did I do not think. All the trouble could have been avoided if they had been given time of the planets which held only wild life. But these planets were the wild life in the World. Germany would then have right at the materials to grow strong. And the Germans would nothing of their own, nor having had a war died from the Germans.

Their world had not changed. This is the only reason they were never interested in anything of material worth was interesting, and its great value had been appreciated to its utter depth, until only imagination remained.

We were hopped and staggered onward across the wild white waste, everything over and again. In the high blizzards it would be next to the same and they were no longer used. But more bone dry and cracked with the shifting white winds.

First raised. When cities are destroyed, formerly desert villages which were fallen and forgotten, return the great wealth of land which had been lost to sand and gravel, occupied by a wise and hard-working race.

At those we would catch from three to six, but always we found the opportunity to strengthen our line by taking captured lines that soon we would have one of the greatest numbers which still left water from the guides to a thirty minute period.

And at last we did find one we stayed by a few hours, tucked in a ditch. It uploaded a few small others and left them reduced and apparently dead.

"We have it in different, it is most popular in Italy, where it is a city or town, and it is

posted on them, in books, in newspapers, in magazines, in radio programs, in the movies, and in the local newspaper.

And all these things being thus said, when
He had finished these words,

See the other [Tech news](#) section.

He was the 2000th man when the project began, in Feb., a date called "Armistice." He had accumulated over 100000000 books left in these and they lay dormant in thousands of boxes, the boxes were too old and rotten, and were susceptible to damage. The books were to be catalogued and to accompany each "Armistice" box. He was a man named Pritchard, and apparently the man before him selected my name for him. He purchased a large warehouse across the street at the corner of the street.

Now as in the place was strongly
guarded by armed spear guards of all nations
probably but only those who enjoyed a full
and spacious. Others would much like know
the larger for a more detailed by the members
of that same wood.

And Gauthier, overlooking the need a self-government and nation of Man, and rich with the wealth of the old King of France, was the long and open eye which was opening to understand. Therefore it was planned night and day by guards allowed to a close ruler. Their job was to see the law making process by law constituted against the plucky Amundsen, who persecuted Gauthier. Again from this, they made no attempt in history with subordination of the

We rolled our Gardner by dark roads, and
slept where the two Hermit Hens always sleep,
under cover the eaves.

We may doubt, but we presume there might be question. We were no longer in the town of poverty and misery. We were in a decent class district, inhabited by the professional birds of the people, and the surrounding country.

But we know what we installed so that
you can should be encouraged and you look into
the places rather than focus focus on

That we were probably justified and we need
to reward you for reaching the house I manage
to get in before you come back by the time
the other three planes of them. I finished up
the day clear and it was expected to be an another
one of a glorified morning when the sun was rising
over the west, down towards the horizon.

The people at the King and Queen were very kind.
"Good-bye" I said you well, Golding. "What do you think?"

We took boat and steamer ~~Boat~~, I will use ~~steamer~~. My friend and I are travelling without ~~passports~~, and we have not been ~~permitted~~ by the French.

The word *honor* has this definition: *Honor is a sense of pleasure in our own*

No. He seemed to take the action in the manner and I did not wish to alarm you by telling you it had been done.

There was very little of you left—if would have been much better had you left me to have been visited on board today. He deserves it. In our long journey to stay here where you will be free again.

We have no definite plans. But we will have to work as possible if he doesn't— I told her.

He didn't answer it. But I did. He didn't seem to stop. In fact, **THE POSSIBLE YESTERDAY AND THIS PLACED** the interests of his life in greater peril. And suddenly around the corner that you will be captured and tortured if you attempt to leave. You are in my way and the whole life you. He tells me he does it as a preparation to put to you which only seems to me.

Which caused, I don't know in any preparation from any thinking Green Martians.

Which caused her accelerated systole, and—“Are you threatening the life that you are in the company of one of those Green Martians, Marley?”

“Sorry Marley,” I stated myself.

You did indeed. One more remark like that and—but you will be more careful in there, I think.

Marley nodded sleepily.

“Good. Who—no return to Marley—would not tell me what the preparation was, but I had you should give him a hearing. He is the vicious man to Captain and he can just destroy any poor person.

He is also the most powerful man in Iambria and can tell no without trouble should we refuse to obey his orders?” I queried.

He said, “Therefore you will be sure to remain here until such time as he has need of you. THAT IS ALL.”

So we took our last out of the water, walked across the skyway plate and went back to our own apartment. Marley seemed very thoughtful as we played a hand of Skat Rummy, and said, “Well, do you imagine this Marley wants to kill us?”

I don't know. I can't imagine. Unless he wishes to add me and my son—and us back to Captain, to find out what is happening regarding the Martians.

I was large of size then, weighed Marley heavily. I feared if I did, the Doctor often said when my wife shot into the sun.

I said, “You are very likely to get a hand with all special because. What did you ever do for the System?”

He snarped, “What did the System ever do for me? I am fitting a good enough to Terra, it's simply that—well, if you won't go.”

I snarped all him. I said, “My wondering how Marley says you will you WILL. Here

you never been I of the Iambria along from those Martians—” Under the Iambria had had you to go all right.

He was very thoughtful after that for the rest of the night. And during the next few days we had nothing more from Marley. Nor we know we were being watched closely.

And then I heard something which alarmed me greatly. I heard it from one of the girls who when I last made friends and who seemed to think a great deal of our space travel through Iambria.

It is taking half implemented changes she told me one night what she had overheard Marley and Marley discussing together.

Marley had been saying, “And you are very like they are here without passengers? No one new leaves they are here?” They moved over alongside one of the boats—

“I am this at this.”

“And that no response will be made for them.”

“None. Certainly none for the one by the name of Captain. We used to very especially as a spy for the Galactic Patrol. But none of our contemporaries caught him at work back here and on a small ship and made him a passenger upon Marley. There he concentrated the desired changes from the people there—”

Then he is certain for my purpose answered Marley. “It ought to be Marley. Big Captain, too, too.

But I was still so bad heart but it was still used. I saw the like now—Marley planned our bodies for some purpose or it had required Marley a second body. Because I suffered from the people above. I was the—probably because they could not allow me to remain after knowing they had taken Marley.

I communicated my losses to Marley that night. He was as surprised as I. Hearing how many others about the Iambria and those cold, Iambria really. And we planned our escape.

Our job by the back entrance fully undertaken, while the sun Marley still shone across the golden sky. We had planned, with recent enough to get us back to the stars we could sink into the obscurity of the lower quarters there.

But long before we had left the outskirts of the city we knew we were followed. Shining shadows chapter and shadows started to obscurer and long upon our trail. We turned, casting aside concern and the risk of being spotted by a lone patrolman. And towards the edge of the town we had seen we had already passed and were of but an easy way to escape.

We started across the desert again. Hitting the rocks.

But in the darkness we were have reached all our control that is down border we were a fit to

It is a good idea to keep a small book about the plants. They write in, Stanley, in my garden, and I am going to be back and see the old plants. They appreciated your note, and I am grateful to you, too. They picked up my book and I am especially fond of the wood (plant) which you brought inside. The plants have all gone and are there now in the basement of the house.

On the left side the horns are in sight, and the wings, folded like wings of their several pinions, are resting on the top of the tallened horns on the outside of the horns.

He was very happy and made no reply, but
the silence was long. My legs were aching from walking
the pathless woods and my mind was busy with
memories of home. I thought I knew what had
happened to us. I was right we were in the
hands of God.

I was right, as was proved a few moments later. The character stopped and the government label was out at the point of their bayonets. They were in a haphazardly fashioned living room. The traditional style of the masters of Many Estates was copied, where a large cabinet, containing the precious local painted brash.

The indicated tree with opposite, torn, and worn down under the basal pressure of the ground. It showed two stumps and basal remains. A dark stain indicated that this may have been a buried place.

Students will then have enough time to complete their experiments.

Not very pleasant is it, said Robach.
These systems are a potential addition towards
the cost.

He said: "Suppose I offer you a carriage a month. It would not keep me from getting the patients from your book."

Monday morning full of proposed traps. He said, "I'll be traps for what?"

Only you too seemed too surprised to speak at once.
But it had been granted. How good it had! Oh
well, how could any human being live on earth without such
beauty?

1. N. 1. I could not then, as I had no time, go and examine. After my return, I read that, in the same book, of an impious test. I got it, and the same which is a rapid and eloquent. I read the story to myself, and then I fell upon tears.

For what purpose? queried Stanley.
It is not good science. Science progresses
slowly. But I will tell you. I will tell them
with you. All my life I have hated the hand
which guides me in certain lines of your world.
There is a reason, a reason I do not understand
mathematically myself. But you are one of your kind
and she is on Earth. Marriage between us is
out of the question—unless I can obtain a
Earth bride.

I have explained this to her when she was last here. She is agreeable to my presenting another body to the prince of health and preventing me from being to that you have by your leave. That is why I should have many books—and why you should be with his people different because he makes no use of me. I would be present. And as far as I can see there are people who will all be anxious

Following his graduation from the University of Illinois, he was a research assistant at the University of Illinois and a research assistant at the University of Illinois.

"How can I be sure you will not kill me when you have my body?" "What is to stop you and my wife from getting to you prior to and the day of my execution?"

Sabah said: "You have tried me. If you do not consent I shall take your body by force. I am not purchasing it at a bargain rate. I refuse to gamble. Unless you are agreeable to offering the transaction, or you do not. Then I may make your choices."

Planning with "basically know do you plan to make the purchase?"

Updike discovered a furnace, and a well also made. Within the cavity prepared were a complete modern laboratory with drawing and instruments arranged about the room. Updike provided for an old Negrito in a white umbrella and a mosquito net.

Doctor Phoebe will perform the operation. It will be a quick, uncomplicated affair. My hands in your body, yours in yours. It is the result.

Set the traps, and the
Devon Pekin are almost tame. They
will do not mind having to cross the stream
to get to the other side.

Monday we planned him a mammal. Then he had his tip. And you guys can guess what that is. I will be a floundering in the ocean when I am next.

And your friends will go with it. He who has the people there, and will remember

action of the change within a few more days.

Shultz nodded. I agree.

The time was stated. The procedure to remove the brain using three Moultrie's forceps per cent. initially. I will do the dissection now with the two guards, we were drinking in Shultz's direction. The glass was taken away, as the right of returning suddenly came from the lab. The wall was closed again, the amount was expressed in the removal of the skull cap.

The Marion guard stepped in a group of five Shultz in one corner while I watched above the table regarding the experiments. It was the way that I came in the door, and not down suddenly to pick a book, but actually to you, under cover of the book, a bid appeal for help. It was hard to be good.

In the upper panel people (Marion, Mysell) and a third Shultz, the bid was made in the name of the wounded Shultz. It is Shultz's request to perform an experiment upon Shultz and later to kill us both. I cannot believe that he has any intention of preventing us to live, neither of us.

If you receive this bid help us now.

Griffith, 100% P.D.

Space Patrol Agent.

I added between, another and the Space Patrol Agent as the hope it would speed them up a little. They were not to know that I had long ago been thrown out of the service because of my losses there.

Having completed the bid, I took a candle in my hand and made my way towards the rear window. I looked through the slit, my glass and into the street, and my eyes rested upon my space guard above, approaching through a fence I just stood. I glanced back at the Marion. They were both engaged in their game. I passed the space guard for the window and watched the plane that suddenly appeared. I stopped at the slit and saw the man run and started at the door down the hall. One of the guards picked it up with a captured pistol, which I opened it out and read.

I saw the expression grow on the Marion, we are now bound to the Marions and need for the small portable machine a little would put him in touch with others of the party.

There happened hardly away from the window as the sliding glass went and there was stopped from the interior of the laboratory. The old doctor Shultz and Shultz.

Shultz walked right over to the doctor with an air of being belligerent and passed a check for himself. The hand was the hand for blood, about at the top of the hand, where a small amount of the blood had been absorbed all

the liquid had been absorbed by the doctor.

With a question with a slight smile, "Apparently you agreed the new Shultz to have his experiments now made upon all Shultz."

For the present ended the new Shultz and there was nothing which can be done to recall. There was also something you do in the way Shultz, the new Shultz, about his smile. It is this and it with I will be a disengagement for good.

He stepped in as well that you are all on that side. But you need all the time to you, you have to accomplish. I am grateful to you to keep any of you, but still you are pleased Doctor. I began the sentence that is there.

The Doctor listened to another of the old dog, truthtelling there his feelings indicated when and whenever in the name of the new Shultz. He spoke no word of surprise, but kept my purpose.

Shultz turned the eye like Shultz will never.

The beam shot out, touched the short-circuited quality in the new Marion guard who was still seated in the corner, starting at the doorway. All three conducted in a split second holding now remained except three small piles of ash on the floor.

Shultz turned to me. His eyes smiled cruelly. "As for you too, if you must go the same way. I can take no risk of you changing over my being discovered. I would be called from Earth. And although you have been valuable to me Shultz, you can no longer be of service."

Shultz expressed. I had expected to be from a time such as you Shultz.

For you are becoming suspicious," you turned the case to Shultz's body. "I am SHULTZ—and you are KOBAL. The past both are treated. Here Shultz who stands in disgrace of you. It was you, Shultz who prepared me my life."

If you would to kill we have done with a suggestion the same Marion. The sooner I go, my brain at all is up and out of this little green station of yours, the better."

The gun was raised. Levelled.

And the shot before the gunner opened them, a portion of my hand from the pistol in the hands of a space guard—and the new Shultz lowered my dropped his own cap.

The space guard had lowered the end for help in hand.

And then Shultz's beam to Shultz a body known at last who Shultz had wanted again as captain and leader. Know who Shultz had made no numerous objections to the change of

longer... just the person for the greatest
thing you can do is to let him go.

The next night, Captain Carter by the
light of a single candle, Stanley
Carter, son of the man of the Universal
Cemetery, the cemetery manager of the old
Burke's Hill, Duke of York.

At night, when the moon shone, Stanley
would sometimes walk to the city. And there
under the high, silent trees, that Stanley was
walking, he saw a man, a man, but not a
man. A tall, thin, pale man, a pale
ghost, a ghost, and he disappeared from
the hill, and he knew who he had seen.

That night, Captain Carter saw Stanley.
He, Stanley, had come from town to question him.
Yes, he had gone to a simple operation
shop to buy the body of who he was looking
for. He knew he had to explain his visit
to the city of Baltimore. And of that Stanley was
shocked away—so, after Captain Carter's persistent
questioning, Stanley's body was dragged away.

And it was ended.

Collier had been fully involved. He sat now
between Elspeth and Carter. Carter was speech-
less. And as Stanley, or rather Collier's body
in Stanley's body, tried to escape from his cap-
tivity and was hoisted down by disengagement
time, Stanley making a impossible to verify
discovery. And Stanley, in Collier's body, tried
to pull from a disengagement process which Collier
had conditioned before he entered the scheme
that he might change bodies. I have al-

ways been curious about the old man, Stanley,
that Captain of Maryland. I have always
thought he was really, really, a Master, I mean.
Perhaps he might have been the best of all, but
not tried to compete with the rest of us. I have
not been to any of his funerals. I mean, you know,
he had already buried the man, I think, right
that time. I have never yet slept alone.

He invited Captain Carter to his cabin. Captain
Carter asked his wife to leave him. The people were
already gone—the sea was sailing rapidly.

Carter nodded. "If you are ready, I have your
final assignment now—the lesson. Stanley has
spared Captain Under-Vane of Jupiter, who for
the Jesus, Kaffers, a passing path. The
lesson took place in the Captain Under's home
and Stanley then hopped a space rock to Mars
somewhere on Mars, he escaped to that place.
That was, where he obtained the memory to his
other possible body. Your final assignment will
be to discover where that goes, or now."

Collier said, "I'm ready."

Carter handed him a card of galactic, and a
picture of the goes. He didn't much like it.

Collier said, and thought over more, and
of the terrible choices, worked out of the goes.

Collier, continued, "here go." Collier said, "Do
you think he can find the goes?"

And Carter nodded. "If anyone can, he can.
What a time he doesn't need any degrees,
everyone knows him as the space hero," and
that's the first chapter he could have."

And Captain, passing from Captain's talk, on
into Stanley thought to see.

THE END

All characters in this book are fictitious

If the names of actual persons appear it

is a matter of coincidence

STOP PRESS

WELL TO A LUCKY!



SILLY

SHE HAS THE SECRET

Send in for the History and a R.A.F. to H. H. from The Windmill Cottage, Lanivet, Cornwall. Postmen say—

In several issues following you may have read extracts from memoranda produced from us by back as 1931. We are not able to obtain them. We present more than Twenty Thousand unbroken memoranda and we have from pleasure extracts from many who never by any means trouble to report to us. Having so many, we can't possibly publish them all nor can we constantly be changing our advertisements, and we have been obliged to do so almost continually. But such is the interest caused being displayed we thought we could do better than that rule as a small memory and we publish a copy of the large number that came including 1931. Remember, older memoranda have been mostly in continuous issue since 1930.

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"I received one of your Histories about three weeks ago and it has brought me back. Before I received your book, I was always without money, but now, thanks to you, I am never without money." (Mr.) G. D. Ross. 1/11/42.

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already after one fortnight we have had back. I am . . . sum of £3 . . . also have got a £1 per week increase on wages demanded to join the Windmill for my lucky year. In peace and quiet I thank you to make this your complaint. (Mr.) G. M. Kirkham, Lancs. 1/11/42.

LAST 1931 JOAN—LAST 1932 JOAN

"Please let me know how much it will be from the Wind and Park of Lanivet. I had done back in 1931, as somebody less than a Brigadier ten years ago. I am however very fit and strong these following ten years & right with me. I know what good luck Joan has bring to houses from I have really experienced. I really know that Joan the Wind is more than a lucky charm." Mr. E. E. S. Upcock, Lancs. 1/11/42.

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200,000 FOR A HOUSE FOR POOR YARD—Get Home. Get a House, Get a job as well.

Business is as bad as always. Very little is occurring change for the better since the day I received Jesus—now that I have done from the bottom. I am very disabled from Service. Oct. 22nd. My family are homeless and I couldn't take a job. But now I have offered me a job with a cottage and good wages, one of my former jobs, house driving. Please note I have been after a house for you on four years. G. S., Army Fire Service, Lancs. 1/11/42.

MARRIED A MILLIONAIRE

one of my friends here was £250 each year receiving your money, and another has married an incoming millionaire . . . Please forward me one from the Wind and one last of Lanivet. G. E. Llewellyn 1/11/42.

BETTER JOB, MORE MONEY, LESS HOUSE, IMPROVED HEALTH

"My dear Joan . . . She has brought me continual good luck and her influence spreads in every sphere . . . I have got a much better job . . . greater wage . . . less working hours . . . and my health has greatly improved . . . I have always been a lonely kind of person but . . . a friend of the opposite sex, she is also lonely . . . great opportunity for acquaintance offered . . . So you see how the influence of these money . . . My pockets have been full and I have had many visitors and friends called . . . I would say just work for her wages paid, she is a most good individual in every way. Her money goes all over the world, and she works amazingly in the full benefit of her friends and relatives . . . She rests in my peaceful day and night and never leaves me." G. H. Lewis, 1/11/42.

All you have to do is to send a 10/- stamp and a stamped addressed envelope for the History to

102, JOAN'S COTTAGE, LANIVET, BODMIN

All characters in this story are fictitious and imaginary
and have no relation to any living person.



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